

PHWOAR! **VIZ** SEE THE SPICE GIRLS TOPLESS! **FREE** TOPLESS SPICE CALENDAR

Issue 87

£1.60 (US \$3.95)

Not for sale to children

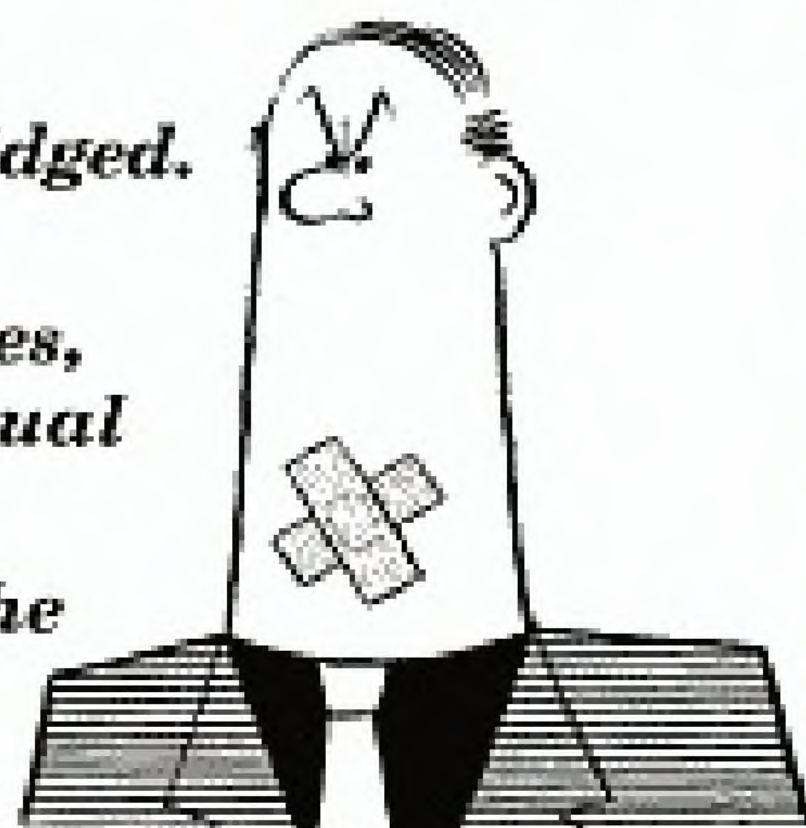
You'll laugh till you snap your
FARTING STRINGS with this
FREE SWEARY
DICTIONARY

VIZ
PRESENTS

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words & phrases

Roger's PROFANISAURUS

- Incomplete & abridged.
- An essential glossary of expletives, profanities and sexual euphemisms.
- Ideal for use in the home and office.



Your free ROGER'S PROFANISAURUS should be attached here. If it isn't, your newsagent has got some explaining to do...



*The most heartwarming
Teddy collectible ever offered for sale*

"White wee wee!"

Teddy's first wet dream

*by award winning artist
Deidre Dimwit-Forbes*

Classic Value at
£39.99



Each blanket is
hand painted
with a life-like
Teddy semen stain.



* *Figurette is shown better
than actual quality.*

*The look of cuddly alarm and furry
confusion on Teddy's face says it all...
he has just woken from his first ever
wet dream.*

Award winning Teddy Bear artist Deidre Dimwit-Forbes has captured for all time the magic of that moment when little Teddy first awakes to find his bed clothes stuck to his fur. It's an irresistible image that will prove a constant source of delight for senile Teddy obsessives, and an exclusive Lovejoy quality antique heirloom edition which mentally fragile collectaholics around the world surely cannot 'bear' to be without.

In the tradition of the most treasured collectibles the magnificently detailed bed has been factory crafted in moulded plastic, with delightful miniature bedclothes machine woven of finest polypropylene by expert teenage Chinese craftsladies. And Teddy, hand purchased from the Far East by a leading discount fancy goods importer, sits upright, his tell-tale Teddy Bear semen stain hand painted in loving detail on his little Teddy blanket. Each charming figurette bears the signature mark 'Highly flammable - Keep away from naked flames' on its reverse side.

You can celebrate the innocence of imaginary ursine ejaculation for just £39.99. But hurry - "White wee wee" is issued in strictly limited edition by the Teddy Tat Company. No further figures will be sold after we go bankrupt and disappear at the end of the month.

*Deidre
Dimwit-Forbes*



*Deidre Dimwit-Forbes is the world's leading contemporary
Teddy Bear artist. Born in a little cottage in a leafy wood,
she studied Art at the Teddy Bear Academy in Toytown.
She lives alone with several little fluffy kittens. Although
best known for her Teddy figures, she also does plates.*

"White wee wee" Priority Purchase Enablement Certificate

To: Teddy Tat Collection Heirloom Gallery Mint Import Warehouse
Limited, Dagenham, Essex.

Thank you for allowing me to order "White wee wee" by Deidre Dimwit-Forbes. I understand that the price shown above is a misprint, and that you will bill me for the correct fee of £399.99 at your pleasure. In the meantime I enclose a Reservation Fee of £25 cash. Actually, I'll make that fifty. I understand that there may be an additional charge for postage and packaging (including bulk shipment from China) and that I will be invoiced for this at some point in the future.

This offer is open to home owners living alone in the UK only.

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

*Limit: Only one figure per collector. Please enclose your pension book as
proof of identity.*





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Have a nice day now, why don't you?

Letterbocks

Mystery my arse

□ "The truth is out there", or so they say. Bollocks. I opened my bedroom window the other night and all I could see was the back garden.

So much for the so-called "paranormal".

A. Colander
Walsall

□ The water companies are always complaining about low water levels in their reservoirs. Well, I drive past my local reservoir every day, and each morning I fill a bucket with water from my tap and empty it into the reservoir on my way to work.

If all your readers did the same these reservoirs would be full in no time at all.

Gordon Hall
Biscuits

T&P TIP

OFFICE managers. Need to reduce staffing levels but can't decide who to sack? Have a game of musical chairs. The loser gets the sack, and has already had their leaving party.

A. Dury
Whitley Bay

□ I thought you might like the enclosed Brazilian trade fair advert which recently caught my eye. Perhaps it was some sort of business convention for beef curtain manufacturers.

Hugh Stiles
The Netherlands

February 3-6, 1998 in São Paulo

QUIM
TEC
98

International Trade Fair
for Chemical Equipment and
Process Engineering

□ Have the makers of the BDC's Style Challenge ever heard the expression "You can't polish a turd"?

R. Soles
Sheffield

T&P TIP

WEIGHT watchers. Experience the "feelgood factor" by weighing yourself before and after a really big dump.

Spike Homer
Brighouse

Letterbocks
Viz, PO Box 1PT
Newcastle upon Tyne
NE99 1PT
Fax 0191 281 9048
E mail: web@johnbrown.co.uk

He's still standing



□ Marc Bolan, a great friend of Elton John's, died tragically young in a car crash. Freddie Mercury, a great friend of Elton John's, was sadly taken from us by Aids. Gianni Versace, a great friend of Elton John's, was cruelly cut down in the prime of life. And the Princess of Wales, so recently seen comforting Elton John at Versace's funeral, has been stolen from us. I'll tell you what. If I was George Michael I'd be shitting myself.

Andrew Cooke
Birmingham

T&P TIP

MARK RADCLIFFE fans. Continue to enjoy Mark and Lard on the breakfast show by simply becoming a student. That way you won't get your arse out of bed till 2.00pm, just in time to hear them on the radio.

David "Billy the Fish"
Fiddes
Reading

□ Why all the fuss about Di dying? Happens every day. I'm not scared of death. I love it here, with trees and birds and hairy pies and that. But come my turn I'll be up there like a shot, and you won't catch me bloody moaning about it.

Richard Whistance
Sidmouth, Devon

Fuck Fiesta and GQ
the **ONLY** page worth writing too
is **LeTterBOcks**

The only **OFFICIAL**
Letters Page
of the new

**GILBERT
O'SULLIVAN**

album **SINGER SOWING MACHINE**

Letterbocks and Gilbert O'Sullivan have got together to bring you a unique opportunity to win a copy of Gilbert O'Sullivan's new album *Singer Sowing Machine*.

Simply send us your letter or Top Tip, and if it's published in the next issue you'll receive a copy of Gilbert O'Sullivan's new album *Singer Sowing Machine*, whether you like it or not.



□ Is there any significance in the fact that Sporty Spice has been designated the 'plain' crisps flavour by Walkers?

Jake Turnbull
E mail

□ Why oh why does Jerry mouse's cousin keep sending his kids to stay with Jerry despite the fact that he is almost constantly being chased by Tom the cat? Invariably their holiday consists of nothing more than a non-stop series of cat and mouse chases from which they are lucky to escape unscathed.

G. Duffy
E mail

T&P TIP

FELLAS. Fool the missus into thinking you've shagged the office bimbo by coming home from the Christmas party stinking of perfume, and with your underpants on back to front. When your wife goes berserk show her this letter to prove it was just a joke. That way, if you have actually shagged someone at the office party, you can get away with it. (But you'd better not show her that last bit though).

Ian McLean
Barking, Essex

T&P TIP

A McDONALDS hot apple tart makes an ideal Christmas gift for an elderly relative. It will give off enough heat to keep an average size room warm well into the Spring, thus saving on costly heating bills.

Dave King
Drummond Barracks, BFPO
814

No crust on his hairy pie

□ Professional 'oldie' Richard Ingrams makes a living complaining about young people and harping on about the good old days. But his preference for all things old stops short of the bedroom, where he has opted for a ripe young bird in favour of his wrinkly missus.

Lyn Hope
Spout

□ I wonder if any of your brainier readers could help settle a philosophical argument for me. If a woman says something, and there isn't a man there to hear her, is she still wrong?

John
The Internet

Don't stay awake too long

□ About 20 years ago my mum was sold an orthopaedic bed by the brother of the blind one out of Peters & Lee. It was shit, and she never got one decent night's kip on it. Have any other readers been sold faulty or sub-standard goods by the relatives of members of seventies easy listening pop duos?

R. Ellis
Hoddesdon

□ Me and my mate picked up our future wives just outside their favourite shop. Here's a picture.



Do any other reader's have nearest and dearest ones with "special interests"?

Chris & Roy
Sheffield Bedfield

T&P TIP

STOP your hat blowing off in the wind this winter by attaching heavy metal nuts to the brim with string. Australian 'bushwhacker' style.

Steven Stones
Sunderland

□ This is the order we would shag the Spice Girls in.

Posh Spice
Ginger Spice
Baby Spice
Scaary Spice
Sporty Spice

Do any of your reader's disagree?

Stu & Chas
Sheffield

* Send your preferred order of shagging Spice Girls to: My Spice Shag Order of Preference, Viz, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT. We'll ask Jimmy Hill what order he would shag them in, and the first reader who matches his selection will get to take a penalty in the World Cup Final in France next year.

T&P TIP

DOG owners. Don't waste time cleaning up after your dog has shat on the pavement. I'll do it with my bare hands whilst I'm picking up my hedge clippings, you selfish bastards.

Mr. C. Takeaway
Hollisall

□ My name is Allan, I'm 21 this month, and I come from Scotland. I wondered whether any nice young girls out there might like to write to me, about Scottish devotion perhaps, Scotland's chances in the World Cup, or shortbread. Anything at all.

TJ 2439 Ireland
Unit 2 Glen Parva Y.O.I.
Tigers Road, South
Wigston
Leicester LE18 4TN

* Okay, we'll include a special *Lonely Lags* feature for prisoners wanting pen friends in the next issue. But if you want to be included it'll cost you a quarter ounce of tobacco. Send your name, address and a short description of yourself, plus the baccy, to: 'Lonely Lags', Viz, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT.

T&P TIP

DINNER party hosts. Pour a drop of bubble bath into your lavatory cistern before your guests arrive. That way they will be able to visit the smallest room for a poo without worrying about embarrassing "plops" and "plops".

Pete Alexandrou
High Wycombe

Muff diver

□ Fuck Mr Stiles' quim (this issue). I've got a much bigger one. It's a genuine diving centre which I spotted on holiday in Spain this year.

Ian Smith
Nottingham

I'll name that tune... in 5 years

□ In reply to W. Heldrop's letter (Issue 53). I think the tune on his mind is 'Late Night Letter' by a little known group called Affinity 3. It can be found on a German CD called Love Message, which is very hard to get hold of in this country.

Richard Payne
Coventry

T&P TIP

DON'T waste hours hooked on the net accessing all those lovely girly photos. Simply put a blank piece of paper over The Sun's page 3 girl, and move it slowly down the page one inch every hour.

Jimmy Shmitt
E mail



□ Despite being 53 years old my partner Mike (pictured above) remains in perfect health, yet he now has to resort to using a magnifying glass to read your comic. I'm sure even the younger readers - if you still have any - also have difficulty making out the tiny print. Any chance of making it bigger (Fnarr! Fnarr!)

Lindy
Poole, Dorset

* Sorry Mike, we'll see what we can do to help.



SUBSCRIPTIONS

Hi! Sally the Subs Girl is in hospital after she fell out the window and her sister has got married to a bloke called Gary. So I've taken over the Subs Ad. I'm the lady with a woolly hat and a freezing arse. Right now I'm trying to warm my arse up on this gas fire.

Have Viz delivered to your door

Mmm! That's better. My frozen buttocks are beginning to thaw. If you want to receive Viz hot off the presses every bi-month it costs £9.60 for 1 year (6 issues) or £19.20 for 2 years. (Overseas rates: £13 for 1 year, £26 for 2 years). To receive more than one copy (at the same address) costs an extra £6.50 per extra copy, per year, in the UK (£7.50 overseas). Mmmmm. I'm starting to get the feeling back in my ring now. Ooh, that's nice...

and get a FREE Sid the Sexist book

If you sign up to Viz for 2 years NOW you will receive a FREE copy of Sid the Sexist's JOYS OF SEXISM, normally £6.99. Aaaaah! My buttocks are starting to warm up quite nicely now. To order a subscription fill in the form while I continue to warm my arse.

Dear Lady with a woolly hat and a freezing arse,

Please send me Viz for _____ years starting with issue No. _____

Name _____

Address _____

Post code _____

If you are ordering a subscription for someone else - as a gift perhaps - fill in their details above, and your own name and address below. If the subscription is for yourself, just fill in the bit above, and go straight onto the ticky boxes.

My name _____

Address _____

Post code _____

☐ I enclose a cheque/PO for £..... crossed and made payable to John Brown Publishing Limited.

☐ Look, I need time to raise that kind of money. But I'm good for it. So please debit my Visa/Mastercard/Eurocard American Express/Diners Club/Connect Card/Switch (delete as applicable)

Card No. _____

Card type _____ Expiry date _____

If paying by Switch, issue number _____

Post to this form to: Lady with a woolly hat and freezing arse, Viz, FREEPOST (SW6096), Bristol, BS32 0BR. Or ring the telephone hotline on (01454) 620 070.

Australia: Lady with coals on her hat and a sweaty arse, Gordon & Gotch, Subs Division, Private Bag 290, Burwood, Victoria 3125. (Cheques payable to Gordon & Gotch Ltd.). America: Lady with the fattest arse you've ever seen, Viz Subs, 3330 Pacific Avenue, Suite 404, Virginia Beach, VA 23451-2933. Or call our toll free telephone number in US & Canada - 1 888 423 6676.

Ouch! While you were reading that bit my arse has got really hot. In fact I think I've singed my knickers. I'd better get off now before my muff goes a'bad. Look out for my friend, the Lady with the frosty tits. She has details of back issues on the following page.

☐ Warning! Unless you tick this box the girl with a freezing arse will sell your details to other businesses who will then bombard you with aahs.

HGV license to kill

□ For the benefit of the dumb fuck 'A. Lorry-Driver' who wrote in the last issue. That broken white line between you and the first lane of the motorway means "GIVE WAY", not "If you're a 40 ton truck just move in no matter what". The sooner we get freight back on the railways and get these ignorant, sweaty, fried egg and bean slurping saggy-arsed fat fuckers back onto the dole queue, the better.
A. Sales-Rep
London

T&P TIP

SHARKS. Make your surprise attacks on surfers more effective by wearing an old Wellington boot over your dorsal fin.

J. T.
Thropton

□ Loads of fit birds live in my student halls of residence. Basically I'm after a shag, so if any of them happen to be reading this please pop round to room G23.

Big Steve
Cleminson Hall

T&P TIP

EXPERIENCE the thrills of a Japanese karaoke bar by visiting your local Chinese takeaway during Top Of The Pops and asking them to switch the Teletext subtitles on.

C. W. Scott
Belfast

□ Further to the Quim Diving Centre picture (this issue). They obviously don't have any quim to dive into in Nairobi, Kenya, so they teach a solo sport instead.

John D.
Midlothian, Scotland

□ Despite the recent conflict which has brought so much death, destruction and heartache to Bosnia, it's good to see that art - and indeed humour - still survive amidst the rubble. Witness this wall painting (see right) which I photographed in Mranjic Grad.

Mr R. Teague
(Ex British Army, Bosnia)
Camberley

P.S. "CECA" is the Serbo-Croat word for "TITS".

Any old irony



□ Before your readers try to raise a cheap laugh by pointing out how ironic it was for John Denver, the man who wrote "Leaving on a jet plane", to die in a plane crash, they should pause and consider that the plane he crashed in was in fact a Piper Comanche PISTON engine two seater.

Graeme J. Kenna
Wallasey, Merseyside

□ If dog owners are supposed to carry a 'poop scoop' to clean up their animal's mess or risk facing a fine, how come mounted police allow their horses to trail enormous steaming piles of crap behind them and never even attempt to clean it up? Surely a special constable could be drafted in to walk behind the horse, with a shovel and a wheelbarrow.

Scott Fuller
Lewisham



□ If any hairy, lezbo man-haters fancy the idea of pissing on a bloke to demonstrate their contempt for his gender, could they drop me a line cos I'm quite into that sort of thing?

Dave.g@easynet.co.uk

T&P TIP

LONELY people. Stand at the ticket barrier at Waterloo station during the rush hour and pretend you're greeting people as they arrive at your birthday party.

Richard Harrison
Tywyn, Gwynedd

□ Who says that microwave ovens make pies go soft? Only yesterday I placed a Safeway mince and onion pie in my microwave and cooked it on full power for 1 hour 40 minutes. Soft? Hardly! I needed a shot blaster to get it off the dish. Is it any wonder food poisoning is on the increase when so many ignorant people are grossly under-cooking their food?

J. Tait
Thropton

T&P TIP

MIDDLE aged shoppers. Invite your old mum for a day out at the supermarket on Saturdays. That way you can park in the 'Parent and children' parking spaces.

B. Nork
Shrewsbury

□ Never mind £1.60. I'd happily pay £2 for Viz if you'd tell the fucking advertisers what to do with their exasperating inserts. Who the fuck reads the bastards anyway? All these leaflets simply fall out, create litter in the streets or clog up escalators. Fuck Barclaycard, fuck Britannia Book club, fuck the fucking lot of you. And stick your fucking leaflets up your fucking arses.

PJ.Fraser
Internet

T&P TIP

BEAUTY contestants. Don't ruin your chances on the big day by nervously biting your nails. Simply save up your old nail clippings in a matchbox, and have a nibble of those instead. You might even offer some to the other contestants as a goodwill gesture.

Lee David
Hitchin, Herts.

□ I have created a simple algebraic formula which I call Rolfe's Formula of Viz Sales. If X is the number of Viz readers (in a constant decline), and Y is the price (in constant increase), the point at which they meet can be referred to as YZ0. The inevitable result is that sales will eventually fall to one, at which point the cover price will be £600,000.

Julie Rolfe
Walmley

* Sorry Julie. Your formula - known as Brown's Principal of Inverse Magazine Sales - has been in use by our Publisher since 1992.

T&P TIP

MAKE easy money. Video tape funny clips from 'It'll be alright on the night' and send them to Jeremy Beadle's 'You've Been Framed' at £250 each.

Tony
Dagenham

□ "Walk like a man", sang The Beach boys. Sing like a fucking girl, more like it.

Scott Fuller
Lewisham

WHALES The vermin of the ocean!



Just look at it (above) A brain 50 times larger than our own, and (right) it can't even get back into the sea!


If you're fed up to the tits with these big, blubbery buffoons swimming about, fill in this coupon and send it to your M.P.

Dear M.P.
I think these big fish are vermins and should be whaled.

Signed.....

The International Whaling Commission





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MIXED DAY & BOARDING SCHOOL
8.4.4 EDUCATION SYSTEM
NURSERY PRE-UNIT PRIMARY
TEL: 0151-54351 FAX 02-751991
P.O. BOX 105 RUARU.

Hung like a horse

I've been impressed by your recent pan(handle)-orama of animal porn. But when it comes to great big cocks, you simply can't beat a stallion. This vet is about to take a semen sample, and has a box of horse size tissues on hand. Can any readers better this for a horny animal action shot?

Trajan Hall
Newcastle



T&P TIP

SUBMARINER'S wives. Make hubby feel at home while he's on shore leave this Christmas by boarding up all the windows, nailing a plank across the bottom of all your doors, and leaving piles of jazz mags lying all over the place.

Chris Hodgson
Chatteris, Cambs.

Let's catch some rays

Environmentalists believe the rays from the Sun getting trapped in the Earth's atmosphere are causing global warming. Surely we could all help reduce this by leaving our solar powered calculators on all day.

D. Toxunt
Sussex

T&P TIP

WOODWORMS. If you don't want to get caught, try infesting the wall area close to a dartboard.

H. Hopehill
Northumberland

I have been saving this newspaper cutting for the last 3 years waiting for you to plum the sort of depths required for it to be published. In the light of this issue's two big quims, I believe this may be the appropriate opportunity.

Steve Bridges
Bolton

Arafat hit by snatch

YASSER ARAFAT last night faced humiliation on the eve of his No.

I spotted Jimmy Hill getting a good eyeful in 'Stringpenis' nightclub, Fat Slags (issue 86). Do I win anything?

Carl Daniels
Birmingham



I spotted him too, but I also think I spotted poncy right-wing magazine columnist Auberon Waugh in the same panel. However, most of your readers would be too thick to know who he is. Do I win £5 anyway?

W. H. Lane
Tottenham

No, and neither do V. A. Carson, James Capptaylor, Mr A. King, Bramwell, Paul Andrews, Jonathan Copstake and Michael Clarke who all spotted Jimmy ogling the mapotasi.

T&P TIP

CYCLISTS. If a copper stops you during the dark winter nights for not having lights on your bike, ask him how the fuck did HE see you then?

David Bucknall
Romsey, Hants.

I stopped reading Viz two years ago, and since then I have started to suffer from agonising piles. I started reading it again last issue, and already my piles are much better.

Abdul M.
c/o The Acorn, Penzance

T&P TIP

FOX hunts. Simply persuade an unmarried mother to register the fox as her child's father. The Child Support Agency will quickly track it down for you, and their demands for cash will probably drive it to suicide, saving you the bother of killing it.

John Sowerby
Sedburgh, Cumbria

I had to laugh when I heard a young boy talking to his mother in the zoo the other day. I'm a hyena.

A hyena
The zoo

What you did last night

In the last issue we asked you what you did last night. Here's just all three of the replies we received.

Last night I went out for an ale with two of me mates and we got chatting to these two pissed up girls from Islington. I got one of their phone numbers but I think she only gave it to me cos she was bladdered.

Paul Brown
E mail

Last night I watched telly for a bit. My mates went out, but I didn't.

Adam Oliver
E mail

Last night I downloaded some scud pics off the Internet and had a damn good shuffle into a sock.

Monkey 999
E mail

VIZ BACK ISSUES



Hi. I'm the Lady with suspenders on and frosty cold tits. I'll just lie back and warm up my icy knockers next to this radiator while you order your Viz back issues. The back issues still available are represented by baubles on this Christmas tree what I have drew using a computer.

Colour in the baubles of the back issues what you require using felt tip pens or crayons and send us this form together with a cheque or postal order. Back issues costs £1.50 each plus postage. 50p postage for one comic, £1 for five or less, and £1.50 for six or more. (Overseas customers then add 20% of the total and pay in sterling with a cheque drawn on a UK bank).

Tick one of the following boxes to indicate how you are paying. If you tick the second box, because you are paying by credit card, fill in your credit card number in the third box, which I have done credit card number shaped to make it easy for you.

☐ I enclose cheque/postal order crossed and made payable to John Brown Publishing Limited.

☐ I wish to pay by credit card, and my credit card number is in the next box which is credit card shaped.

Card type _____ Expiry date _____

--	--	--	--

Name _____

Address _____

Post code _____

Brmm! My nipples is like icicles. This radiator's not very hot. It must have air in it, I think I'll call the plumber. While he's here the plumber and me will take a look at your order forms and decide who we think has made the best job of colouring in the baubles on the Christmas tree what I drew. As well as their comics our lucky winner will receive 100 ready-basted turkey's, a box of crackers, a selection of cheeses and a year's supply of Brazil nuts. So send in those orders today.

Send your order to: The Lady with suspenders and frosty cold tits (and the plumber),
Viz Orders, Customer Interface, Bradley Pavilions,
Bradley Stoke North, BS32 0PP.
Credit card phone orders (01454) 620070

STARWATCH

One two... one two...

☐ In response to your plea for sightings of unfunny chicken impersonator and fucked microphone superstar Norman Collier (issue 85). He lives in Melton, near Hull. I know cos he bought me a whisky one Christmas when I worked at the Green Dragon in nearby Welton. He spoke normally, and didn't cluck once, which frankly left me feeling rather cheated.

Ricky Harrison
Wise Owl pub, Leeds

☐ In January this year I spotted Norman Collier in a fish and chip cafe in Billingham. He was in panto at the time. He is a top man, happy to chat to anyone, and although he didn't do the "chicken" or the "microphone", he did a quick burst of the "car window" for me.

Kevin Fox
Cheshire

Heaven knows I'm a German scientist now

☐ I recently spotted Morrissey, former moaning girlie singer with The Smiths, in a German factory. He was helping fight harmful emissions from diesel engines by transforming nitrogen oxide into harmless nitrogen using ceramic catalytic converters.

Herr Von Watson
Bavaria, Germany



Morrissey helps fight harmful emissions from diesel engines by transforming nitrogen oxide into harmless nitrogen using ceramic catalytic converters yesterday.



☐ Paul Heaton out of Beautiful South came into my D.I.Y. shop on Tuesday afternoon and bought a £3.99 wooden extendible clothes prop. I gave him £1.01 change for a fiver, and he didn't ask for it to be wrapped up.

Gary Clark
Chanterlands D.I.Y., Hull

No relief from comic



☐ I spotted Lenny Henry and his family in Pizza Express, West Hampstead, on Saturday afternoon. Shouldn't stars like Mr Henry stay at home at weekends? After all, it's the only time when people like me get a break from seeing him on TV. How would he feel if I went round to his house one weekday evening and started eating a pizza in front of him and his kids?

Bimal Pandit
E mail

☐ I used to deliver papers to a council house in North Road, Clayton, Manchester, which had a plaque on it saying that Alvin Stardust had lived there "on and off" from 1960 to 1968. Not everyone from North Road has done so well. There was once a shitty football team based there, who upped sticks and moved to a new ground near the ship canal before the first world war, Manchester United I think they were called. Does anyone know what became of them?

Shaun Fenton
Fentown

STARS in their TOILETS

We asked if you had ever shaken knobs with the rich and famous, or crapped in the same cubicle as a star. Here's just a few of your letters. If you can do better, write to Stars in their Toilets, Viz, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT. Or E mail us at: web@johnbrown.co.uk

Search for the bell end inside your pants

☐ I stood next to Mike Pickering out of M People as he struggled to get his knob out in the toilets at Maine Road, Manchester City's football ground. It was the same afternoon that Blackburn had pipped the filth to the Premier League title, so perhaps he was a bit excited.

Paul Sullivan
Birkenhead

T&P TIP

CREATE your own perfectly safe 'televised' firework extravaganza by simply placing an array of metal objects in your microwave, and turning it on full power.

John Tait
Thropton

☐ I shared a toilet with Nick Cave out of The Birthday Party at the old TA hall in York, circa 1980. He wasn't pissing though. He just popped in to lovingly tease his hair into shape in front of the mirror before going on stage. So I didn't see his cock.

Brian Taylor
Leeds

* You didn't miss much, from what we've heard.

Vic and knob



☐ At last year's Phoenix Festival I was lucky enough to merge piss streams with comedian Vic Reeves. Mind you, he wasn't very funny. He just stood there having a piss.

Mike
South London

T&P TIP

LORRY drivers on the M25. Greater fuel efficiency and speed can be achieved by keeping your wheels on the road, and not tipping your vehicle through 90 degrees onto its side.

@EMF@
London

The spy who pissed in front of me



☐ A couple of year ago at a tennis tournament I pissed in a urinal which had just been vacated by Roger Moore of James Bond fame. I am a chartered accountant in South West London, and this was without doubt the most exciting moment of my life to date. I guess the same cannot be said of Mr Moore who has never mentioned the incident since.

Nicholas Brann
London SW19

It's not a knockout

☐ In September 1994 I was working with TV presenter Stuart Hall and I peed next to him in the gents loo at the Natural History Museum. It's not just his smile that's cheesy, I can tell you.

David Gatton
Bracknell, Berks.

☐ I pissed next to boxer Lloyd Hunnigan in a pub toilet in Kentish Town. I was polite enough not to look at his knob, but it must have been quite a size. When he shook the drips off it sounded like four fat nuns clapping.

Paul
Camden, London

T&P TIP

PRINCE Naseem. Avoid getting Parkinson's disease like Mohammed Ali did by sitting further away from him if you're ever invited on his chat show.

Mr KVL 741Y
Lincoln

☐ I stood next to Gareth Thomas, one-time star of Blake's Seven, in a pub toilet in Edinburgh recently. I couldn't resist sneaking a quick look at the knob that had nearly overthrown the Galactic Federation. I wasn't disappointed. Blake's Seven? Blake's eight-and-a-half more like it.

Dave Owen
Edinburgh

"Sharpen those pencils and get writing to Viz.

And hey! Don't forget to buy my new CD -
Singer Sowing Machine.
It's great!
Honest".

Says
GILBERT
O'SULLIVAN



On sale now from good record shops
or direct from Park Records on 01865 241 717.

Oh so big



□ Considering how petite she is, squealing Icelandic fruitcake Björk is to be complimented on the size of the "U" blocker which she left in the pan at the Bluenote nightclub in Hoxton Square recently. I had the misfortune to follow her in.

Lola Brown
Plumstead SE18

□ I once took a slash next to former Tory cabinet minister Cecil Parkinson at the Cambridge Union. Former Labour cabinet minister Peter Shore had been pissing up the same wall only seconds before, so my urine must have mingled with piss from both sides of the political spectrum. I managed to cop a peak at Parkinson's whang, which was no mean size, I can tell you. If only it could talk, I thought to myself, imagine the stories that bacon bazooka could tell.

Julian Davies
London W1

TIP

MAKE your bank manager think you are a Timeford by drastically varying the chronological order of dates on cheques issued from your chequebook.

Scott Fuller
Lewisham

TIP

ADD a drop of vinegar to old shoe polish, then pop it in the microwave for 30 seconds. Hey presto. Hot, vinegary shoe polish.

Tommy Take-away
Tommy's Take-away, Elgan

□ I had a piss next to Ryan Giggs in Back To Basics nightclub in Leeds. He was with the girl who played Margaret in Brookside. This was before Margaret started snogging Beth. I've often wondered whether it was Giggs's performance in bed which persuaded her to jump on the other bus.

Lee Murgatroyd
Ashford



□ I saw Wicksy's wick when Nick Berry of Heartbeat fame siphoned his python at the 100 Club in Oxford Street a few years back.

Daniel Darby
Brighton

Stand and deliver a piss



□ In 1983 I nipped into a posh cafe in Oxford Street for a quick Chinese singing lesson and shared a urinal with Adam Ant. After putting his ant-like cock away he signed an autograph for me. Judging by the colour of his piss he must have been drinking heavily the night before. And it stank of brandy.

Richard Whistance
Sidmouth

TIP

GARDENERS. Don't throw away rotten, worm infested potatoes. With the addition of plastic eyes, a mouth and feet they make ideal "walking dead" Mr Potato Head zombies.

Susan Nannup
Western Australia

□ While I was pissing alongside Detective Sgt. Beech of Sunhill C.I.D. in the Green Man public house, Brentwood, the other day he let off, allowing me a whiff of his celebrity cabbage gas. Thanks mate. Made my fucking day that did.

Scott Keene
Brentwood

□ In 1991 my piss stream attacked and overwhelmed that of Beautiful South star Paul Heaton in a urinal at Hull University. Coincidentally, he only lived a few doors away from us on Grafton Street and we probably shared a sewage pipe, so the chances are our excretions were already fairly well acquainted.

Matt Hoskin
Buxton

Turtle's Eddie



□ I allowed Eddie Izzard to push in front of me in the queue for the gents at Heathrow airport last year. Mr Izzard's frantic demeanour suggested that cloth and egg were in very close proximity.

T. Love Lee
Corby, Northants.

□ Twice my arse has been touched by greatness. At the Ryder Cup in Spain I was privileged to piss in a Portaloos immediately after golfer Fred Couples had curled one down. And in 1983 in a Dundee pub I sat on a toilet seat still warm from the buttocks of former Dundee United hero Hamish McAlpine.

A. Sharples
Dunfermline

He'd started so he finished

□ On a flight from Bristol to Amsterdam I queued for 20 minutes to use the bog. Eventually who should emerge but legendary Mastermind host Magnus Magnusson. After his marathon sit-down all he had to say for himself was "Good evening".

Glyn Owen
Hampstead

TIP

LARDY arses. Do your supermarket shopping at 9.30pm. By then all the donuts are reduced to half price. Then again you already knew that, didn't you.

Andy Tricker
Ipswich

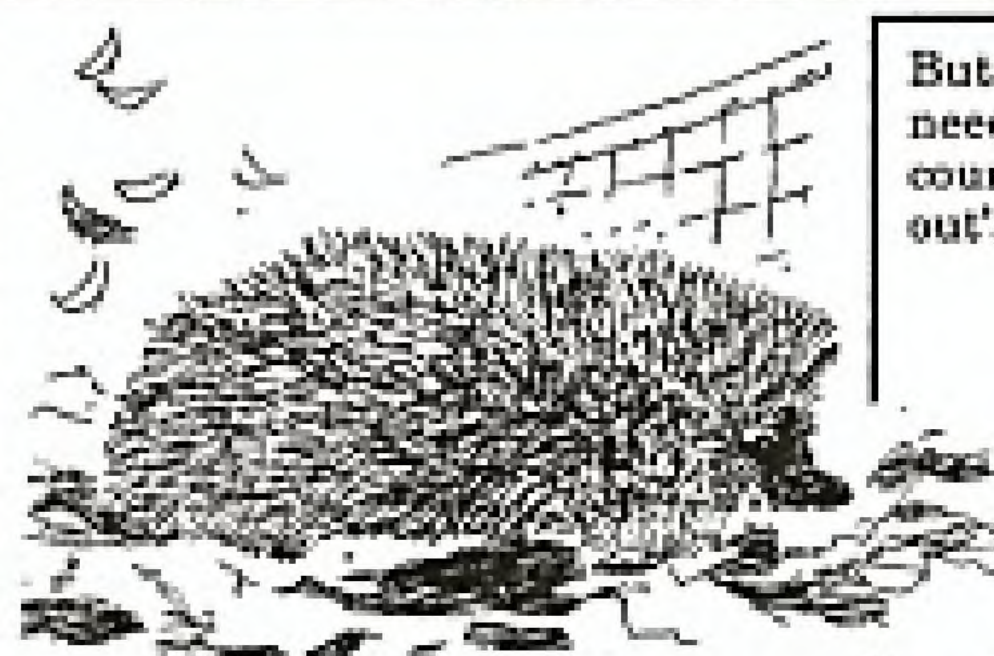
□ I spotted green fingered Alan Titchmarsh and a young companion dash into the bogs at Finchley Road tube station last Thursday. As I pissed nearby I overheard the young chap tell Mr Titchmarsh to hurry up or they wouldn't get to Heathrow in time to pick up "John" from his flight from "Salahah". Do any readers know where Salahah is? And what was this mystery man John doing there?

Trevor Hall
Norfolk

* We're always keen to hear what celebrities get up to in lavatories, but please remember; the stars deserve some privacy, and we cannot condone the monitoring of private conversations. But in the meantime if anyone knows where Salahah is, who John is, and why he went there, please let us know.

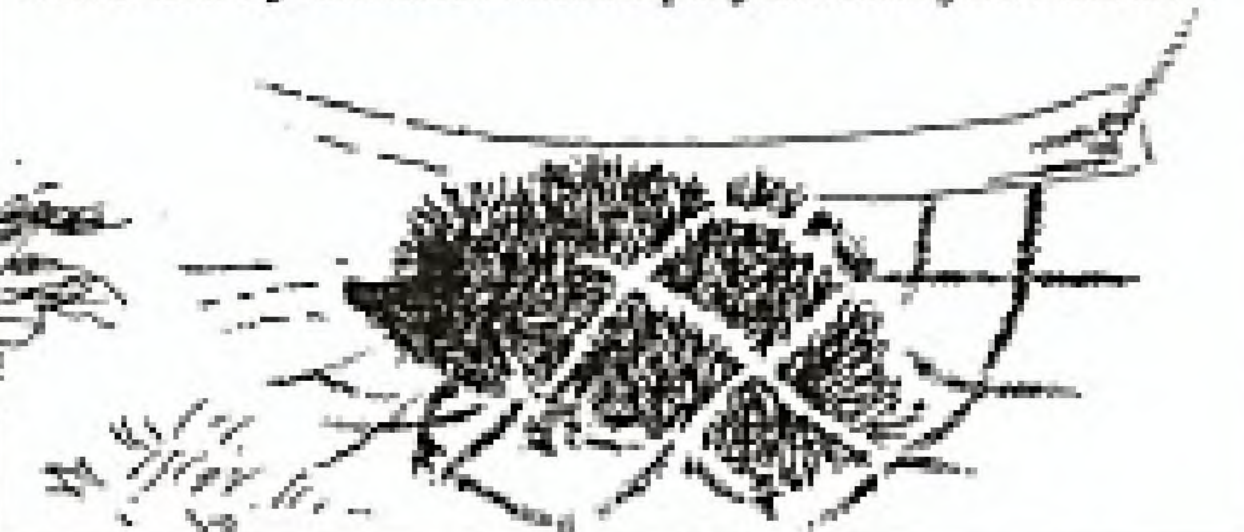
YOU CANNOT BE SERIOUS! with John McEnroe

"Hey, I guess you guys didn't know, but during the fall a tennis court can be a pretty dangerous place for a hedgehog".



Hedgehogs are inquisitive little critters, and they do a whole bunch of digging around the garden, looking for some place nice to hibernate during the winter.

But every year hundreds of hedgehogs are hanged needlessly after gettin' their heads stuck in tennis court nets which have been left hanging down whilst out'a use by careless tennis players like you and me.



Surely John CANNOT be SERIOUS!

Turn the page upside down to find out if he is.

Answer: John is SERIOUS about hedgehogs.

POP GO THE ROYALS!

THE startling success story of the Royal Family could soon be over.

For signs suggest that their popularity is beginning to wane, with sales of this year's postage stamps well down on last year's figures. And that could mean the beginning of the end for the group who soared to success in 1952 with the Queen's ascension to the throne.

Hearts

Queen Royal - real name Elizabeth Windsor - Duke Royal, Prince of Wales Royal and Queen Mum Royal have been number one in the public's hearts ever since. The reached a phenomenal peak of popularity in 1977 when the Queen's Silver Jubilee became the biggest street party of all time. Hit followed hit, with Prince of Wales Royal's much publicised marriage to Lady Diana Spencer going platinum around the world.

Spades

Cash has flooded in from lucrative product endorsements. The 'By Royal Appointment' name has become a familiar sight on products as diverse as Benson & Hedges cigarettes and Tate & Lyle treacle.

Clubs

Sales of bank notes bearing the Queen's face reached record levels in the eighties, and licensing deals with the Inland Revenue and Customs and Excise have raked in a fortune for the modest Family who began life as bunch of Germans.

Diamonds

But recently the Royals have been accused of over exposure, with claims that their hectic work schedule was leading to an inevitable burn-out. After the shock departure of Princess Diana the remaining Royals were criticised for their decision to go it alone without a new Princess.

Davidsons

The situation reached crisis point when the Queen was booed off as she opened a bridge in

Has the bubble burst for Queen and co?



All smiles as the Royals are welcomed by fans as they arrive for a gig in Jordan. But the strain is beginning to show (below) as the Queen faces boos from the crowd in Pakistan.



Pakistan. And their were rumours of a massive bust-up between her and Duke Royal Philip Windsor after the paired rowed publicly over Prince of Wales Royal's birthday.

Reeves's

However Queen, Philip, Prince of Wales and Queen Mum remained defiant. At a crisis press conference in London they categorically denied rumours of a split within the group and reassured fans that they had no intention of quitting.

Morrisons

"We've still got, like, so much to give", said Prince of Wales Royal. "We've

got tons of stuff to open in the year 2000, state banquets to do, and the Royal Variety Performance. We're like, *really* busy, and we just wanna tell the fans, don't worry, we're not gonna let any shit get in the way of Royal power". "Yeah. Royal power man, it's still happening", added the Queen.

Safeway

The group's future hopes are now riding on the much vaunted Queen's Speech being a TV hit this Christmas. However anxious industry insiders fear the broadcast could bomb following the recent nose-dive in Royal popularity.

Sainsbury's

The blockbuster national address faces tough competition from the Teletubbies.



Fit for a Queen - Queen Royal Elizabeth Windsor's luxury mansion in central London - complete with her own army, posh carriage and horses.

Rolling in it!

How they made a Royal Mint

THE Royals have raked in millions from their monastic success, and even own their own mint, making them all millionaires in their own right.

Queen Royal lives in Buckingham Palace, a 20 bedroom mansion in central London, but also owns properties in Norfolk and a Windsor, all of them packed with expensive paintings and posh furniture.

Netto

When the Royals travel, they go in style. As well as their own train, they also own a fleet of Rolls Royces. Horse lover Queen Royal can often be seen driving around town in her favourite toy, a posh gold covered horse drawn carriage.

Aldi

Prince of Wales Royal prefers the country life. He fell in love with Cornwall after visiting it one weekend, and bought it the following day. The Royal's have also splashed out on their own air force, and Charles can often be seen landing precariously in one of their many aeroplanes. Press rumours that Prince of Wales Royal is to wed glamorous society bird Camilla Parker-Bowles have so far been denied by Charles's mother.

But luxury yacht hits the rocks

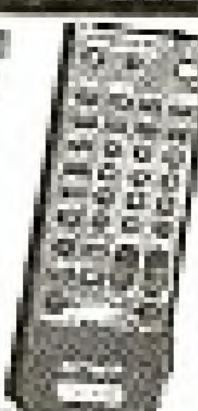


Scuppered - the Royal yacht Britannia is eagerly awaited by scrap yard workers in Pakistan yesterday.

Rumours that the Royals had got into financial difficulties began circulating recently after their £50 million luxury yacht Britannia was returned to the hire purchase company. However a Royal spokesman described this as "Bollocks".

SUCCESS with TV Remote Controls

TURN traffic lights green! Make FREE phone calls! EMPTY cashpoint machines of £50 notes! TUNE-IN to your neighbours making love! All this can be done by infra-red rays using any TV remote control! Send £50 for free booklet.



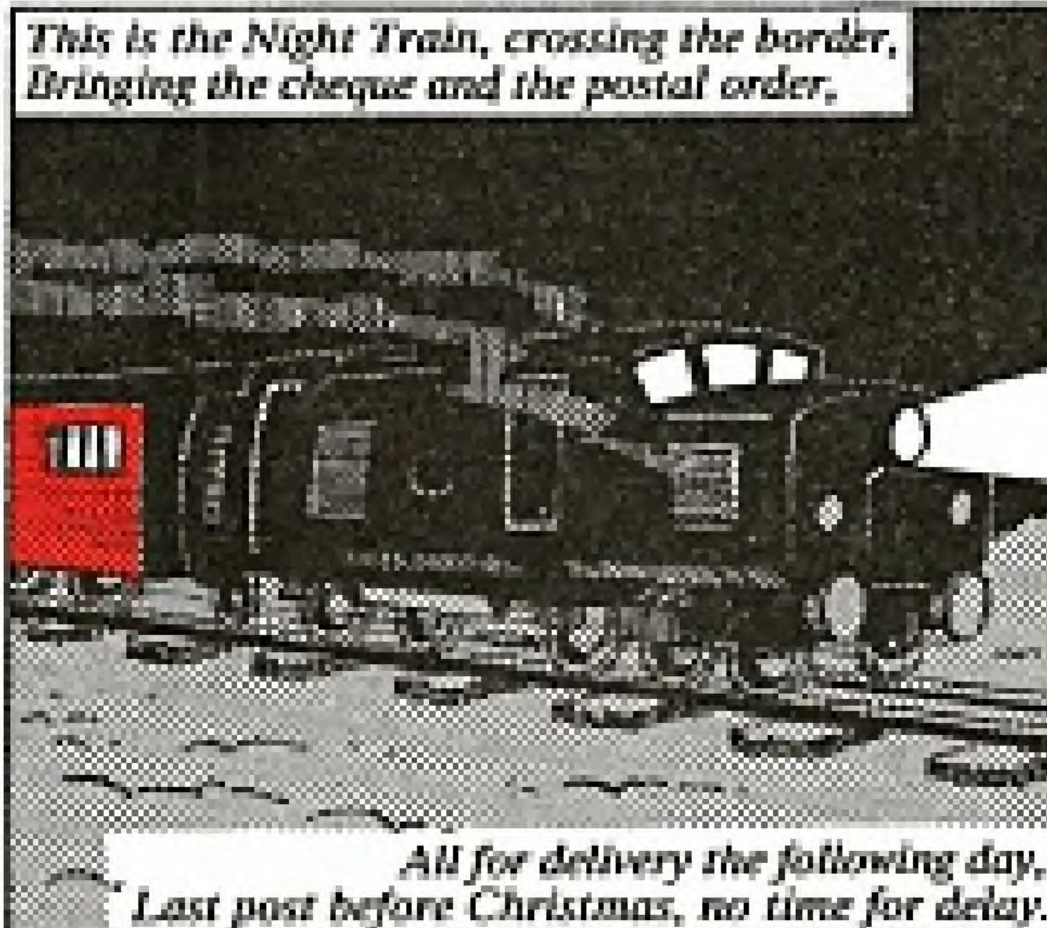
To: Dept VZ, Yes, Send me FREE book, Name _____ Address _____ I enclose £50.

*May not work on your particular model

Postman Plod in...

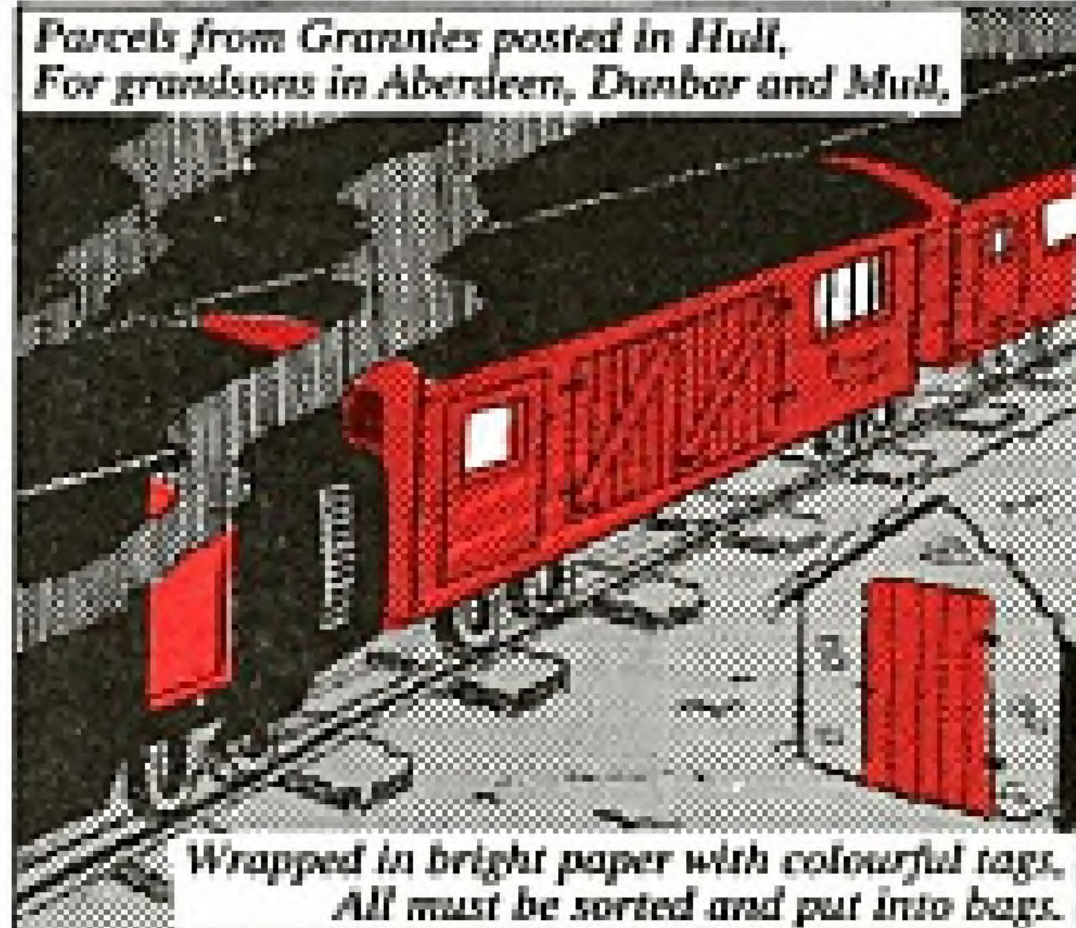


*diddly dum... diddly dee...
diddly dum... diddly dee...
diddly dum... diddly dee...
diddly dum... diddly dee...*



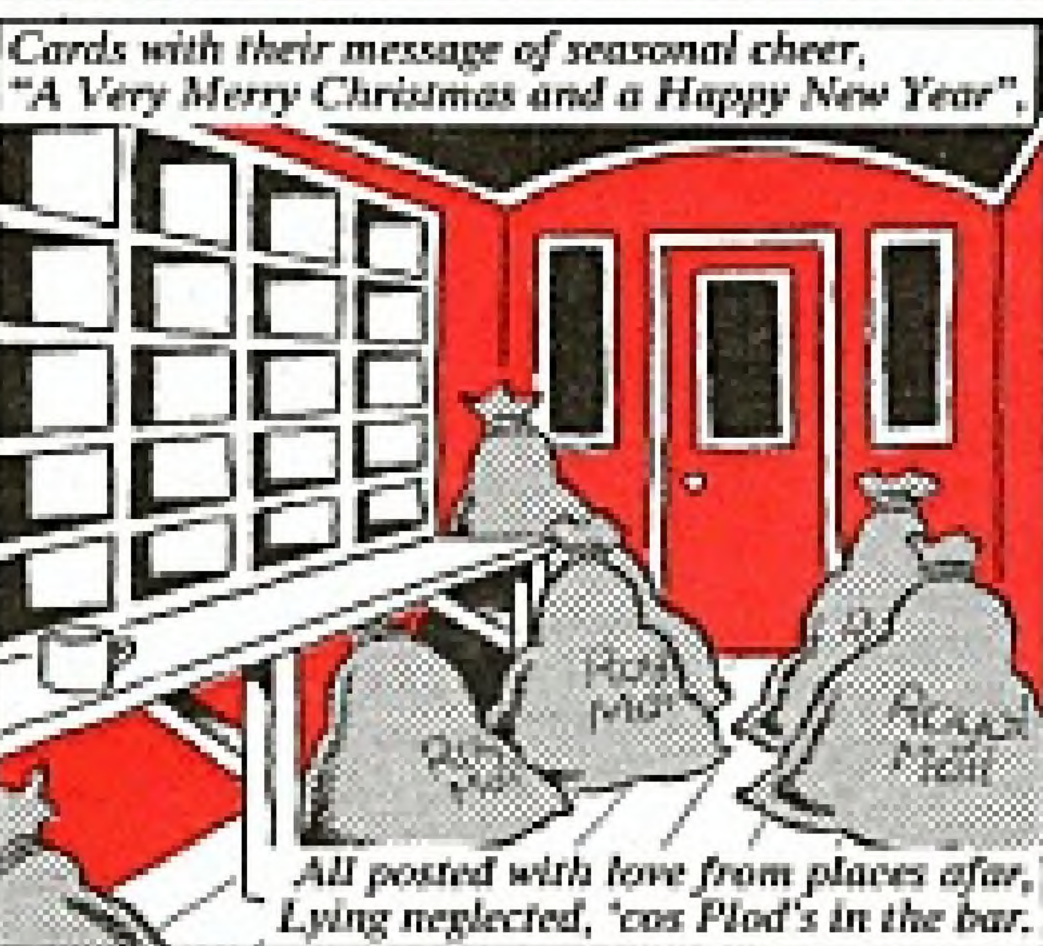
This is the Night Train, crossing the border,
Bringing the cheque and the postal order,

All for delivery the following day,
Last post before Christmas, no time for delay.



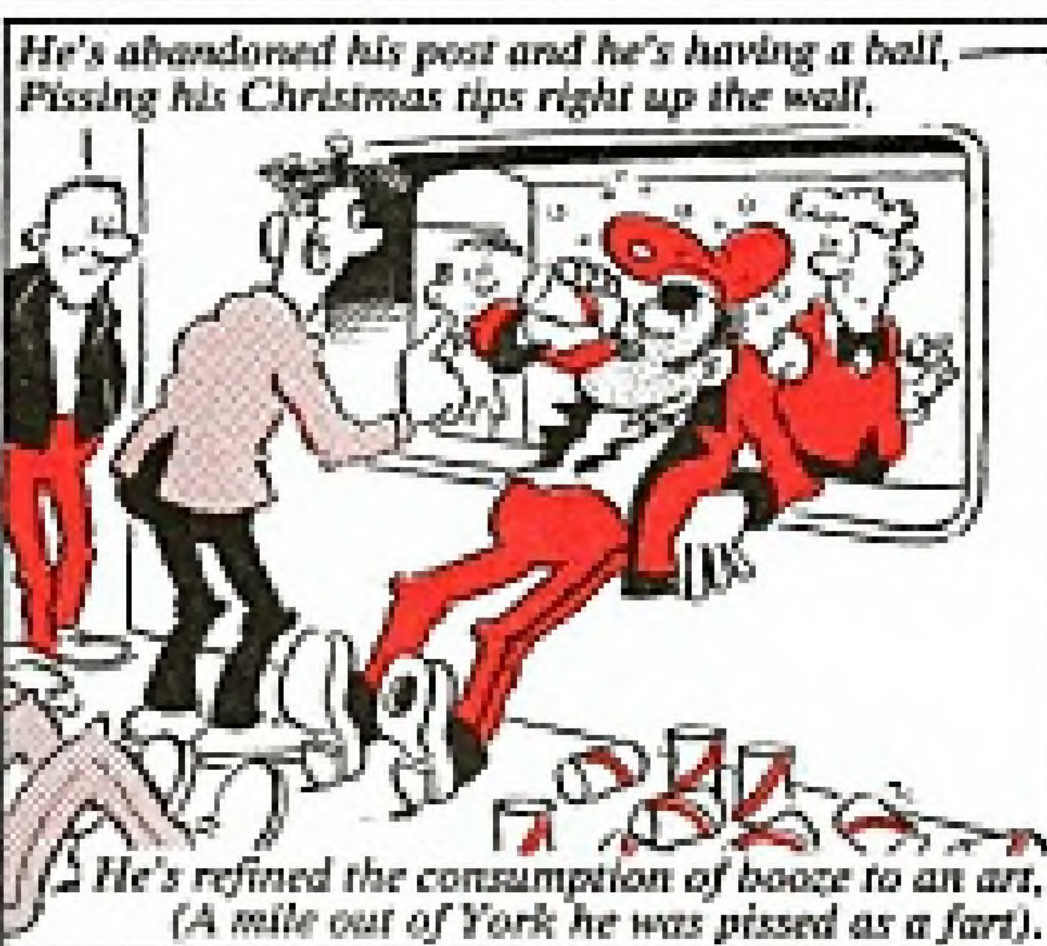
Parcels from Grannies posted in Hull,
For grandsons in Aberdeen, Dunbar and Mull,

Wrapped in bright paper with colourful tags,
All must be sorted and put into bags.



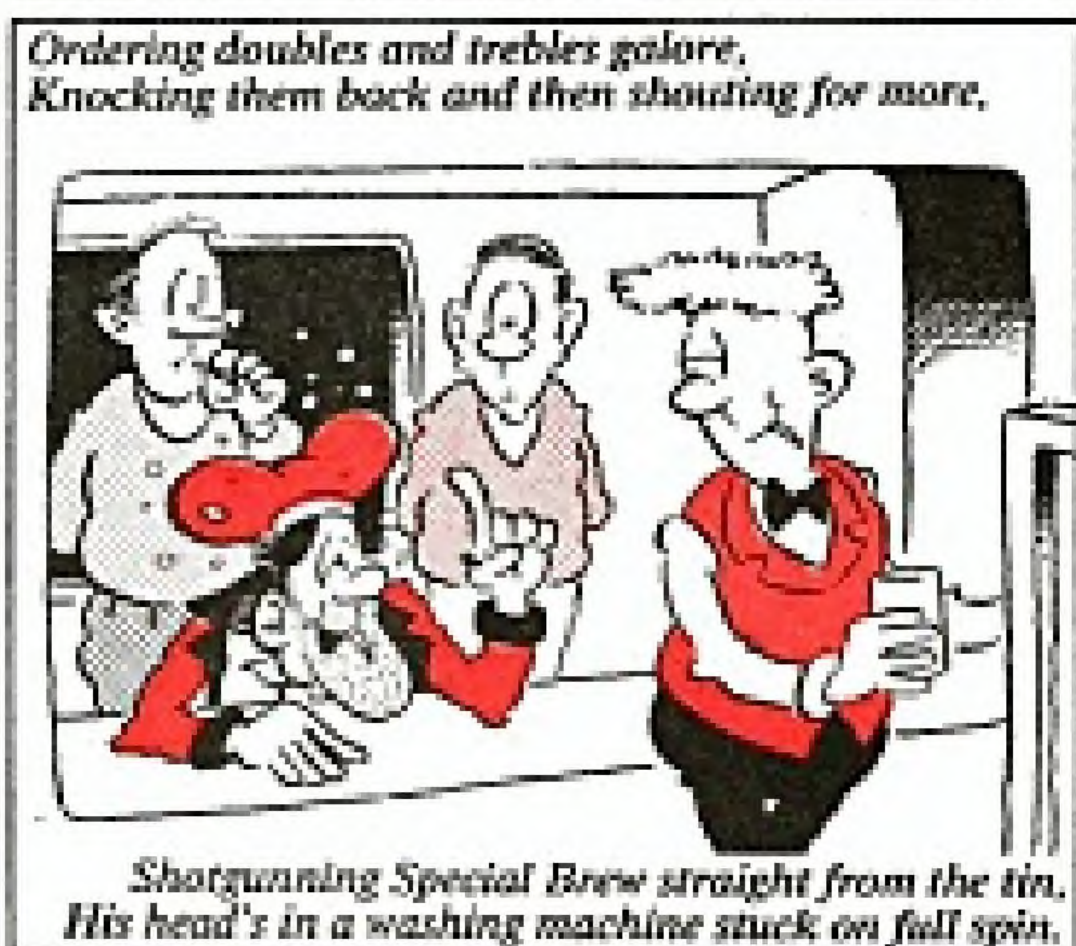
Cards with their message of seasonal cheer,
"A Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year",

All posted with love from places afar,
Lying neglected, 'cos Plod's in the bar.



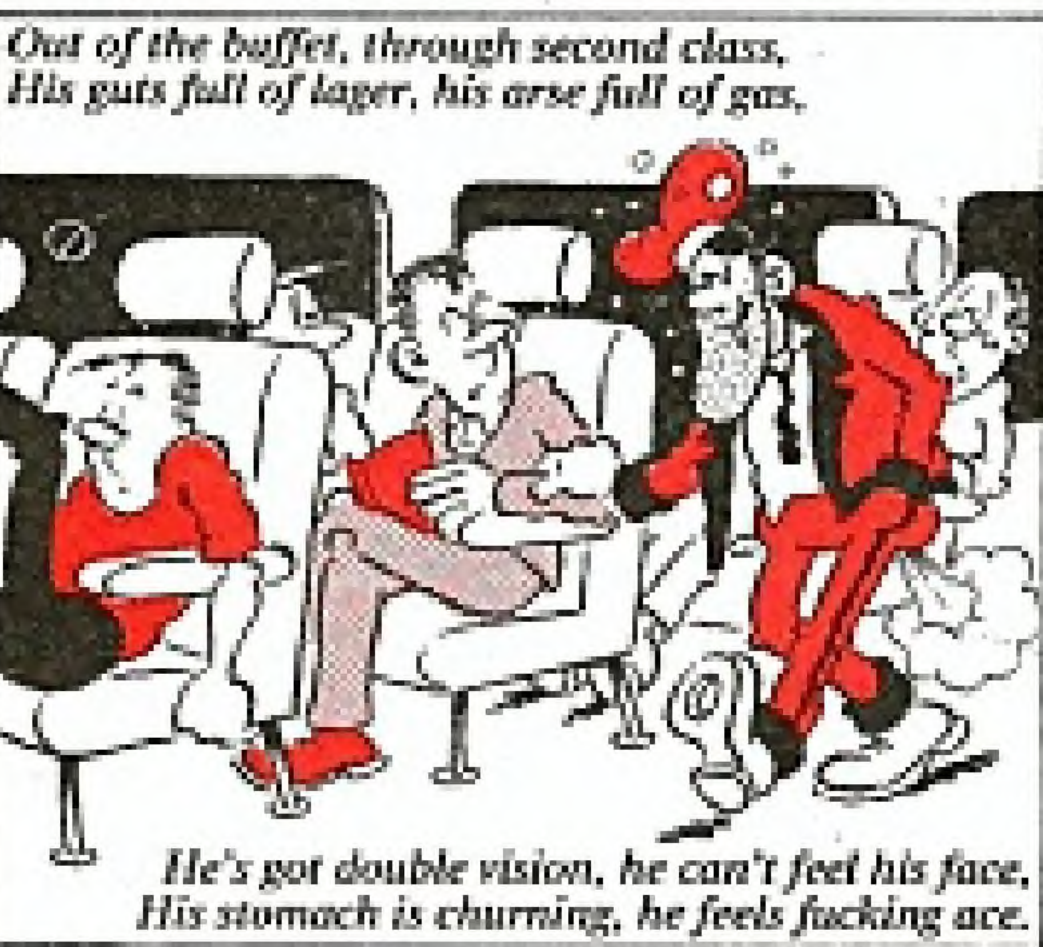
He's abandoned his post and he's having a ball,
Pissing his Christmas tips right up the wall,

He's refined the consumption of booze to an art,
(A mile out of York he was pissed as a fart).



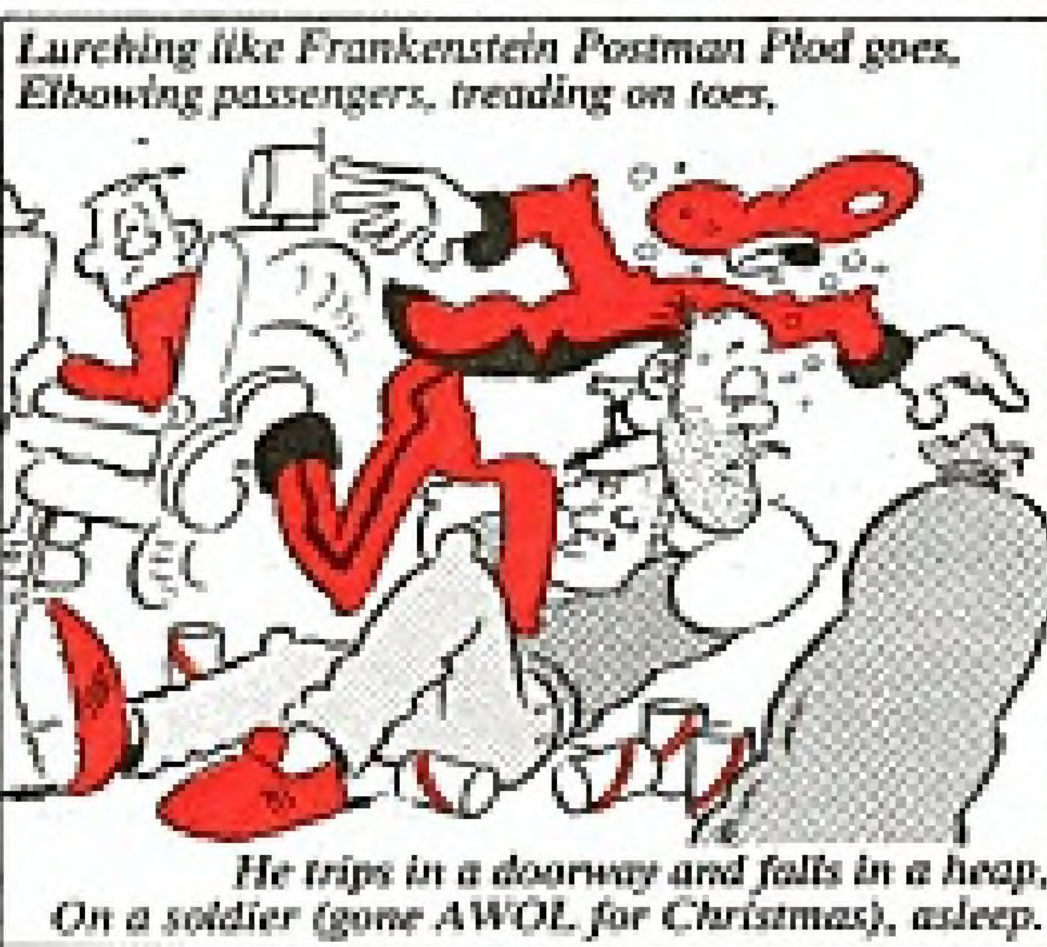
Ordering doubles and trebles galore,
Knocking them back and then shouting for more,

Shotgunning Special Brew straight from the tin,
His head's in a washing machine stuck on full spin.



Out of the buffet, through second class,
His guts full of lager, his arse full of gas,

He's got double vision, he can't feel his face,
His stomach is churning, he feels fucking ace.



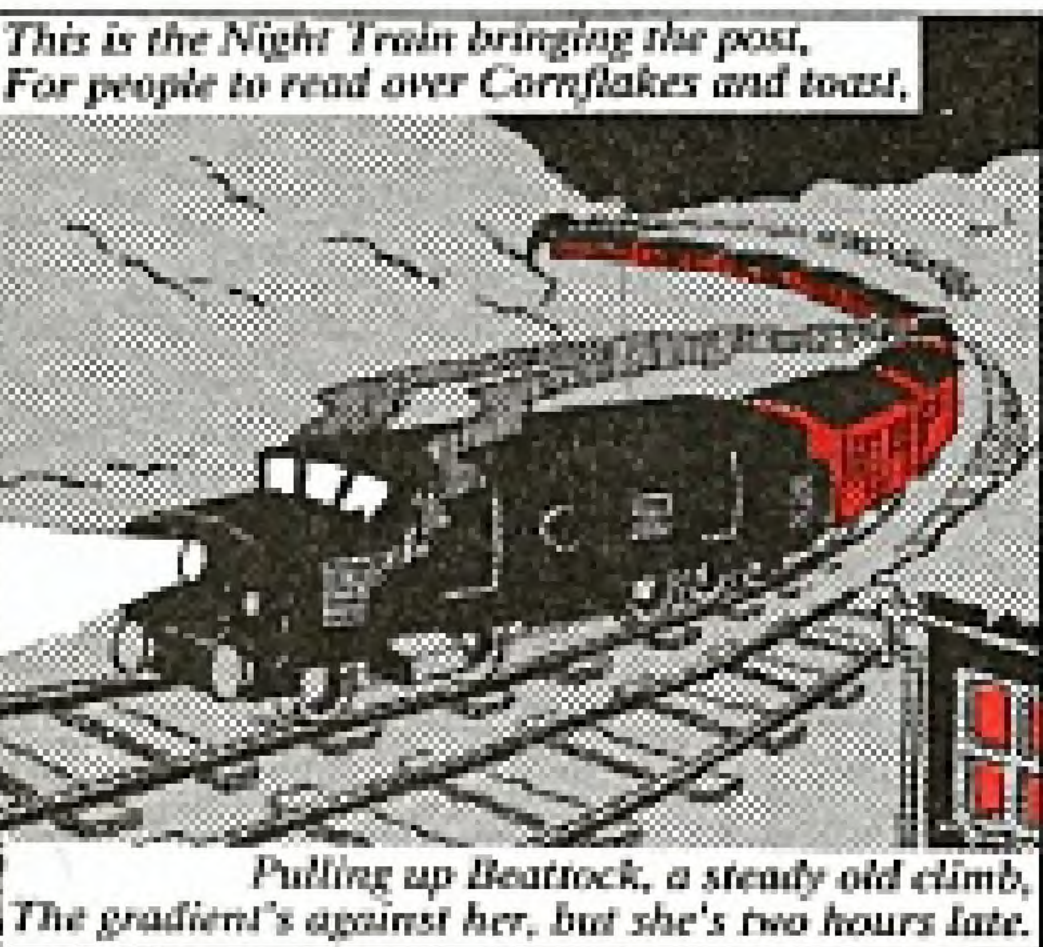
Lurching like Frankenstein Postman Plod goes,
Elbowing passengers, treading on toes,

He trips in a doorway and falls in a heap,
On a soldier (gone AWOL for Christmas), asleep.



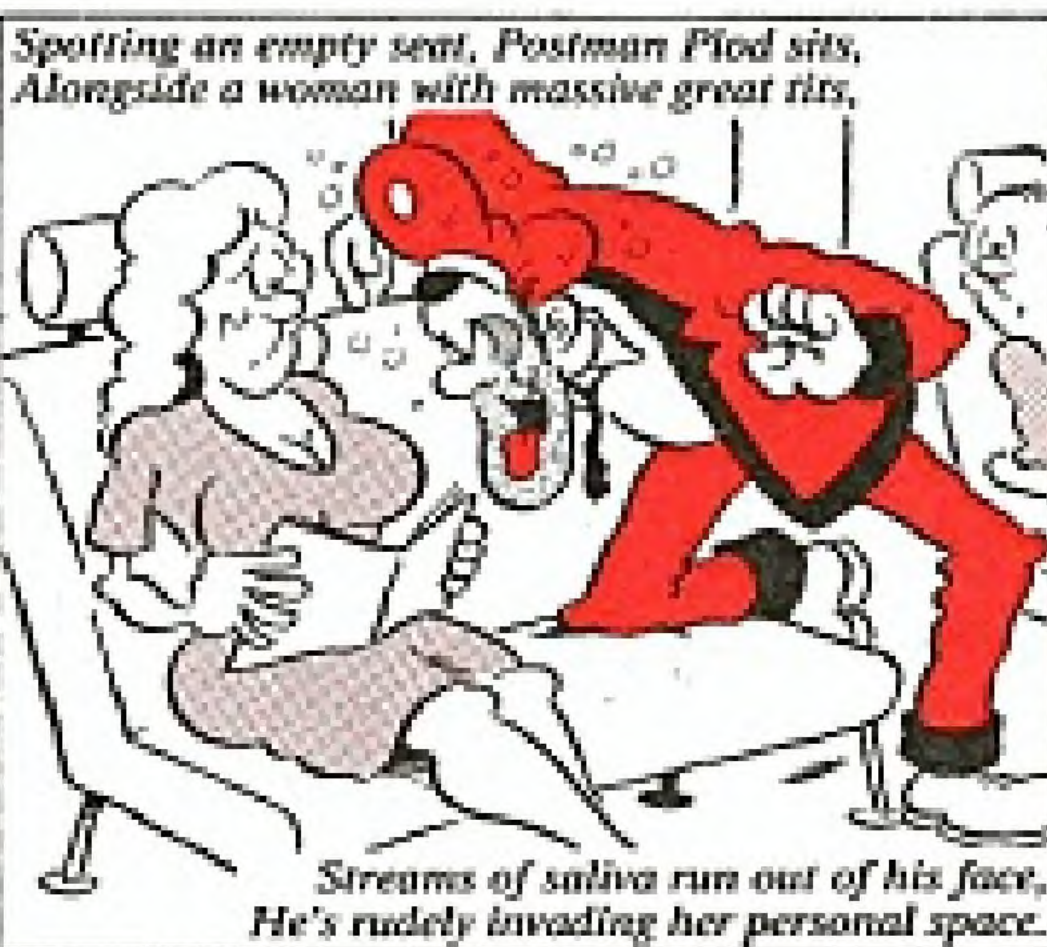
This sapper, of course, is a little bit pissed,
And woken from war dreams, he gets the red mist,

Using his skills honed on battlefield foes,
He headbutts the postie and knackers his nose.



This is the Night Train bringing the post,
For people to read over Cornflakes and toast,

Pulling up Beattock, a steady old climb,
The gradient's against her, but she's two hours late.



Spotting an empty seat, Postman Plod sits,
Alongside a woman with massive great tits,

Streams of saliva run out of his face,
He's rudely invading her personal space.



The lager fuelled Romeo fancies his luck,
"Smashin' tits, darlin'. Hic! Fancy a fuck?",

Her cries of alarm echo right through the carriage,
As she misunderstands his 'Proposal of Marriage'.

The Night Train

by W.H. Orton

These are the passengers, bound for their stations,
Off to their homes and their own celebrations.



This is the mother who's going to Fife,
To spend Christmas day with her son and his wife.

These are the children, off to see Grannie,
Cousin Marilda and Great Auntie Fanny.



This is the man with a big box of crackers,
This is the postman who's nursing his knackers.

In need of a tonic he heads for the bar,
Shuffling his way through the second class car.



Tripping on people, shouting rude words,
Passing the bags that are blocked up with turds.

Sidling down corridors, catching his feet,
On people who've paid out good cash for a seat.



Back past the squaddie now covered in spew,
Then into the buffet, and front of the queue.

All of a sudden, along comes the driver,
Drunk as a bastard and waving a fiver.



"Can I push in, pal? I must get back quick,
Me dead man's-hic-handle's held down with a brick".

"Give me a tin of that lager, old son!"
"Ooh, you're in luck, mate. That's the last one"



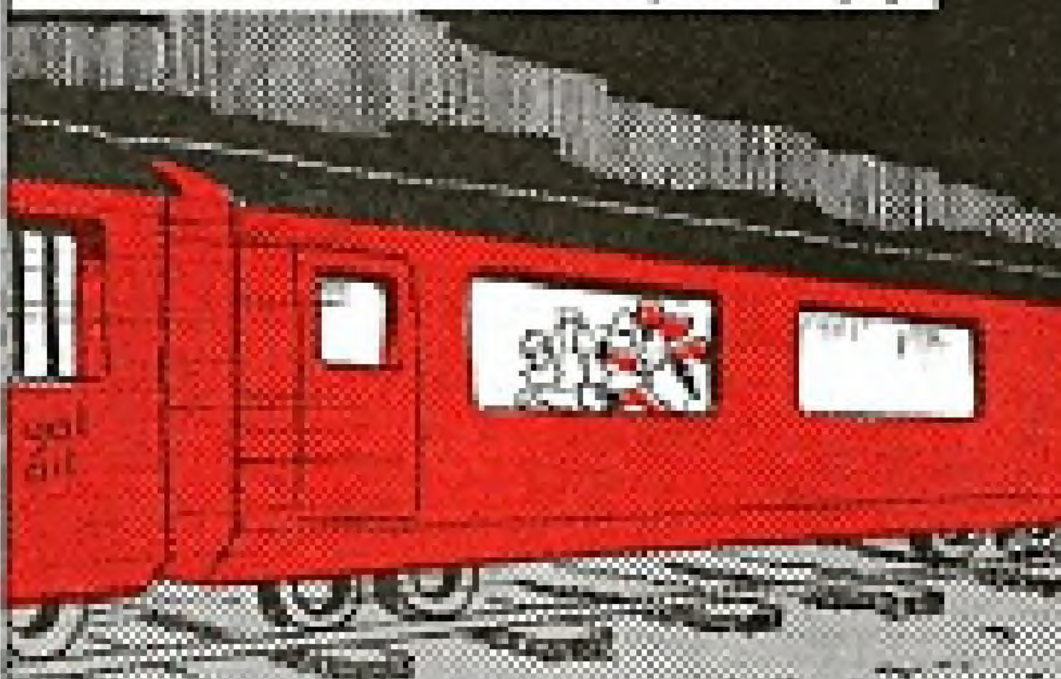
"You cunt!" cries the Postie "gimme that 'ere",
But the driver retreats up the train with his beer.

Seeing his booze snatched from under his nose,
Chasing the driver, the drunken sod goes,



A kick to the arse and the driver is down,
As the train thunders onwards past village and town.

A kick in the ribs, a smack on the lip,
As Plod tries to wrestle the can from his grip.



A knife in the nuts, a knutt in the ear,
As Waverley buffers draw evermore near.

Locked into combat, the two drunken sods,
Are kicking each other in each other's pods.



As faster and faster, and faster and faster,
The train hurtles on towards certain disaster.

Plod leans on the door to recover his breath,
It's end of round one in this fight to the death.



But the latches are broke and he falls out the door,
(As has happened to hundreds of people before).

Here is the train pulling into the station,
Bearing the post for the whole Scottish nation.



Presents and parcels and cards by the score,
Still left unsorted in piles on the floor.



AAAGH! FUGGIT!

ANOTHER CHRISTMA



AS WITH 8 AGE VIZ'S THIRSTY FAMILY MAN

A DUN'T DESERVE NOWT. A DUN'T EVEN DESERVE THE LUV OF ME AAN FF-FUCKIN' BAIRNS, A DUN'T.



WOT SSSORT OF A FATHA AM A THAT A CANNOT PROVIDE FOR ME AAN FUCKIN' B-B-BAIRNS? A'M WUERE THAN THE SHITE ON THE FF-FUCKIN' CARPET, A AM.



CUM'ERE Y'LIARL BASTARDS...



THINGS £1.49



LOOK AT THIS! IT'S A FF-FUCKIN' ALADDIN'S FACIN' CAVE! IT'S JUSS BEAUTIFUL - AN' IT'S ALL £1.49!



A JUSS DUN'T KNOW WOT T'GERREM.



THEY'LL FF-FUCKIN' LUV THESE - A CANT WAIT T' SEE THEM LIARL FACES LIGHT UP - THEY'LL PLAY WI' EM FER AGES.



AAAAAARP!



8 AGE.



8 AGES LATER...

JESUS... ME FF-FUCKIN' 'EAD... AW WOTT'AVE A DONE TO ME B-B-FUCKIN' BAIRNS? A DUN'T KNOW WHY A'M ASKIN' MESELF - 'COS A KNOW A'VE POSSED THEM FUCKIN' CHRISMASS UP THE F-FUCKIN' WALL.



OW CAN A LOOK'EM INT' 'FUCKIN' EYE AN' TELL 'EM THEN'VE GOT NO FF-F-F-F-F-FUCKIN' FRUSES FOR CHRISMASS...?



BUMP!

SHURRIT OR ALL TEK YER FUCKIN' LUG OFF.



CRASH!

OOOH FUK!



MERRY FF-F-FUCKIN' C-C-C HIC MERRY F-F-CHRISMASS... YA... FF-F...





NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

AND HIS
NEPHEWS



IT IS CHRISTMAS EVE ON THE REMOTE ISLAND OF ST HELENA, WHERE THE GREAT FRENCH EMPEROR IS SPENDING HIS FINAL YEARS IN EXILE.

JEANNE BELLE, JEANNE BELLE, FRENCH ALL ZE WAY

ZEZE! IT LOOKS SPLENDIDE

HEY, I'M LOVING CHRISTMAS, MOM

COO-EE! NAPOLEON!

FROMAGE BLEU!

HEY SES ZE BEAUTIFUL JOSEPHINE, WEZ AM THREE BEHINDS

NAPOLEON, I WANT YOU TO LOOK AFTER HUEY, DEBBY AND LOUIS BONAPARTE WHILE I DO SOME CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

I'M SURE THEY'LL BE AS GOOD AS GOLD

HAD IF YOU LOOK AFTER THEM NICELY, I SHALL PERFORM AN ACT OF FELLATIO ON YOU WHEN I RETURN

DO NOT WORRY, JOSEPHINE - ZE LITTLE ANGELS WILL BE SAFE AND AS

AFTER JOSEPHINE HAD LEFT, UNCLE NAPOLEON, UNCLE NAPOLEON, SHE BROUGHT YOU A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

BUT SHE SES VERY NICE OF YOU, LET ME, SHE WANT SET SES

SSSSSSSS

NON DITU

LET SES ONE CACCON

BOOM

HEH HEH, YOU LITTLE RASCALS

COME - EAT SES TIME TO HVE DINNER

SHARPLY

WOW! ZE FORKED DANCE, WEZ ALL ZE TRAINING

WONDERFUL!

HEH - HAHA!

AM CAN HARDLY WAIT TO TASTE EATS SOME PLAYBOYNESS

MUNCH MUNCH

GRAAHH!

HEH MOUTH SES ALAZED!

SPLOOSH!

DON'T WORRY, UNCLE NAPOLEON - WE'LL PUT THE FIRE OUT

BUT ALAS! LOOK AT ZE STATE OF ME

HEH HEH, UNCLE NAPOLEON, WE'LL PUT THE FIRE OUT

AM AM SURELY SET, AND ALL TANGLED UP IN ZESE FARTY LIGHTS

ZZAP!

FRIST LIGHT, SANTA BANGS, 10,000 WATTS

LOU! ZESE FERTY LITTLE BONAPARTLETS, AM AM COMPLETELY FURKED

AM WEL! AM A NANCE GLASS OF COGNAC IN FRONT OF ZE TELEVISION TO CALM MY NERVES

THIS IS AN URGENT WARNING, THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON HAS ESCAPED FROM THE ZOO AND MAY LAST SPOTTED, HEDING FOR THE ISLAND OF ST HELENA

DING DONG

I DON'T GO SES ZAY AT ZE DOOR?

MERDE ZE BED! LET SES WELLINGTON

EE WE COME TO GET ME!

SLICE! SLICE!

CHOP! CHOP!

NO HA HA! WE READLY CROUGHT YOU OUT THAT TIME, UNCLE NAPOLEON

GRAR! ZAY DOES EET! NOW YOU SES AM ALL FOR ZE GULSTINE!

YEA - HA! I'M BACK!

JOSEPHINE! AM WAS JUST PLAYING A GAME AND ZE LITTLE CHERIES, HEH HEH

HOW NICE

SINCE YOU LOOKED AFTER THE CHILDREN SO NICELY, I SHALL NOW PERFORM FELLATIO ON YOU, AS I PROMISED

BUT

I SEE NO SHIPS

KISS ME, NERD!

OH NO! SHE MEANT A PERFORMANCE OF ZE BRITISH FEMERAL FELLATIO PERSON (1789 - 1825)

JUST MY LUCK!

STUDENT GRANT





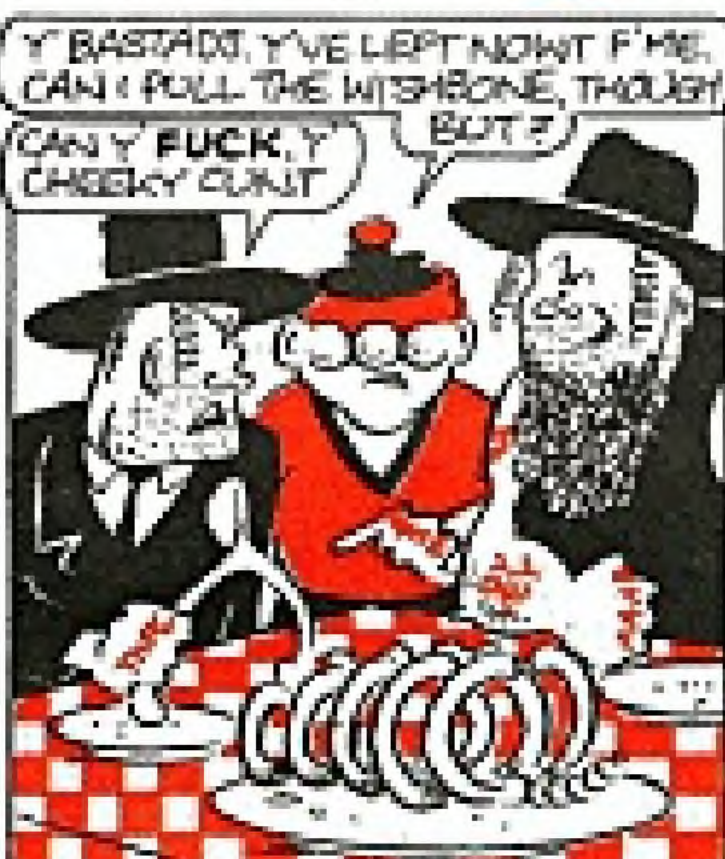
TOPLESS

Spice Girls

1998 CALENDAR

January							February							March							April							May							June						
M	5	12	19	26			2	9	16	23			2	9	16	23	30			6	13	20	27			4	11	18	25			1	8	15	22	29					
T	6	13	20	27			3	10	17	24			3	10	17	24	31			7	14	21	28			5	12	19	26			2	9	16	23	30					
W	7	14	21	28			4	11	18	25			4	11	18	25				1	8	15	22	29			6	13	20	27			3	10	17	24					
T	1	8	15	22	29		5	12	19	26			5	12	19	26				2	9	16	23	30			7	14	21	28			4	11	18	25					
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July							August							September							October							November							December						
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T	7	14	21	28			4	11	18	25				1	8	15	22	29				6	13	20	27			3	10	17	24			1	8	15	22	29			
W	1	8	15	22	29		5	12	19	26				2	9	16	23	30				7	14	21	28			4	11	18	25			2	9	16	23	30			
T	2	9	16	23	30		6	13	20	27				3	10	17	24				1	8	15	22	29			5	12	19	26			3	10	17	24	31			
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S	4	11	18	25			1	8	15	22	29			5	12	19	26				3	10	17	24			7	14	21	28			5	12	19	26					
S	5	12	19	26			2	9	16	23	30			6	13	20	27				4	11	18	25			1	8	15	22	29			6	13	20	27				

BIFFA BACON

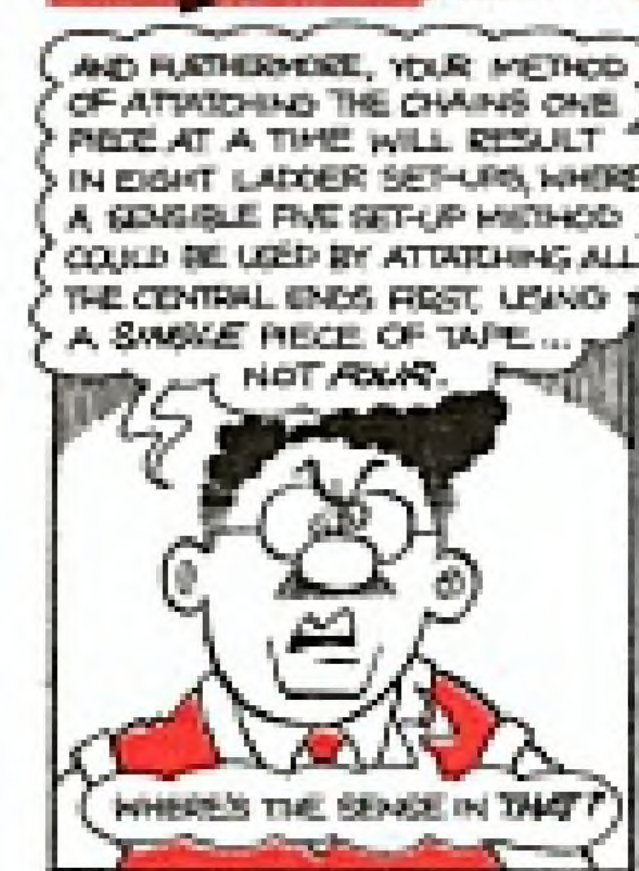


SPOILT BASTARD



Simon Lotion

TIME AND MOTION MAN





Probably the most uncomfortable shoes you will ever wear...
...but at only £2.99 a pair, they're **BLISTERING** good value!



LEATHER SKIMMED CARDBOARD SANDLES

So uncomfortable, it's like putting your feet in an engineer's vice

The cardboard uppers of these crippling sandals squeeze your toes till they're numb, keeping them tender and painful. The pressed tin buckle at the side is *guaranteed* to hack at your ankle like a machete, whilst the unyielding heel strap chafes your tendon to a pulp. A quick trip to the shop will leave you wanting to saw your feet off. Not only that, but the insole actually *traps* sweat! And thanks to their low friction plastic soles, you'll believe you're walking on a tray of marbles...

...but at least they're shoes, and they're a PINCH at £2.99 a pair

Unconditional Guarantee

If you buy some shoes from us and they aren't the price you paid for them, return them at any time for a full refund.

Please send me some £2.99 shoes.

Colour	No. of pairs
Plain	
Normal	
Shoe colour	
Total	£

Name.....Address.....

Send to: Shoes 2 Go! Freepost, Northampton

Perfect the Art of Smoking with a Course of Tuition at The NATIONAL COLLEGE of SMOKING

Patron: The Rt. Hon. Tony Blair MP

We offer a variety of courses to suit all, from the tobacco novice to the accomplished smoker. Whether you wish to take up this rewarding hobby for pleasure, or receive professional instruction in the most advanced smoking techniques, I would be glad to receive your enquiry at the address below.

Dr Benson Butler BSc(Hons), BQ Pd[®] per day



* Tabartistry Ref. TA1

An introduction to smoking as a social skill. Includes Packet Tapping, Lighting Techniques, Handling and Fingerwork (to basic levels), dramatic Inhalation and Exhalation, Ashtray work (flicking and tapping), Stabbing Methods (hand and foot) and an optional course in Hands-Free Smoking (advanced students only).



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We are the only seat of learning in Britain still offering a traditional course in the formal Art of Pipe Smoking. Our tutors are amongst the oldest surviving smokers in the world today. Studies include Rack Classes, Ignition, Thumb Rekindling, Studious Posture, Fireside Sitting Positions and Smouldering Pipe Storage (dustcoat/Tweed jacket pockets).

* Smoking Masterclass Ref. MC3

For the fully experienced smoker, an opportunity to study advanced tobacco-centred activities to PhD. level. Includes:

- * Cigarette Rolling (including one-handed)
- * Smoking in the Rain & Lighting Up in strong winds.
- * Smoke Ring Formation techniques.
- * Nipping and Flicking
- * Multiple Lighting (For yourself and your bird).
- * Single Movement Zippo opening and lighting.
- * Dental Smoke Percolation.
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For a full prospectus write to National College of Smoking Woodbine House Billingham, Surrey.



"Smoking made me sick all I tried a course at NCOS. Now I'm on 40 a day and I'm the envy of my friends."

Mrs S. Evans

Lav-A-tours Toilet Holidays 1998

EST. 1880. For the best in toilet holidays. Everything from a fortnight's diarrhoea in Tunisia to a weekend constipation break in Amsterdam. Lav-A-tours can arrange the toilet holiday of your dreams

NEW for 1998!

Whistlestop Pebbledash tour of Europe

12 'Capital Cities' in two weeks. If it's rusty water, it must be Rome

£299

Bloody Murder on the Orient Express

Have a strain on the train. Optional bout of constipation in Constantinople available.

£485

Lazy Alimentary Canal Holiday

Spend a relaxing week below deck opening your sluice gate on some of Britain's most beautiful waterways

£180

The Turtle's Head Safari

For those with a sense of adventure. Spend two weeks in the Serengeti, 1000 miles from the nearest bog.

£399

I'm 'Egg-Bound' for Jamaica, with Lav-A-tours

Pick up a 1998 Lav-A-tours brochure from your Travel Agent today



Problems sorting mice from rats?

The Vermifuge does it all at the flick of a switch



We've got Vermifuge to sort all packets - from table top models to semi-industrial. Drop us a line and we'll advise on the right Vermifuge for you!

Piper Rodent Sorting Systems, Box 1, Hamlyn.

CASE 56

Paranormal Investigator Malcolm Butterworth won't be putting his feet up this Christmas. Instead he'll be delving deep into the unknown, searching for the truth. This Christmas Malcolm Butterworth will be...

Searching for Santa

Myth or reality? Fantasy or fact? The legend of Santa Claus has baffled scientists for centuries.

Many say stories of an elderly, bearded man who goes "Yo ho ho" are fantasy, tall tales handed down through the generations. But Malcolm Butterworth from Altringham, England, believes the truth is out there. He is convinced that a jolly, red faced man really does live in Greenland and give children presents at Christ-mas. And he has dedicated his life to proving it.

From his bedroom-cum-office in his mother's semi-detached house, Malcolm corresponds with other Santa investigators around the world via the Internet. He regularly interviews people who claim to have had close encounters with Santas in toy shops, and has built up an archive of over 2,000 interviews.

Malcolm was first bitten by the Santa bug when, as a four year old, he awoke to find presents in a stocking at the bottom of his bed. His parents, who had been sleeping in the room next door, had seen and heard nothing.

"There, no more than ten feet away was Santa Claus"

There was, quite simply, no explanation.

Then, a few years later at the age of 18 Malcolm had his first, chilling, Santa encounter. He takes up our story.

"I had gone to buy some curtain fabric for my mother in a department store in Manchester when suddenly I became lost. I took an escalator hoping it would lead to haberdashery, but somehow I ended up in the toy department.

Suddenly at the end of an aisle I saw what looked like a brightly lit grotto. I cautiously approached, and to my amazement, there, no more than ten feet away from me, was Santa Claus.

For a good two or three minutes I just stood and watched him, almost in total disbelief, as he sat reading a newspaper. Then he looked up, and for a few seconds our eyes met. He didn't seem at all frightened. It was as if he recognised me, and remembered giving me those presents all those years ago. Then suddenly, he was gone".

"He looked up, and for a few seconds our eyes met"

This year Malcolm went back to Manchester, England, to retrace those fateful footsteps, and returned to the self same spot where, 19 years ago, his eerie encounter had taken place.

"Unfortunately the shop had been re-organised, and there is now a sports department where the grotto used to be".

MYSTERIES of the UNEXPLAINED



Undeterred, Malcolm's quest for the truth continues. But sceptics scoff at his claims. Even allowing for him having elves, they say it's unlikely that one man could manufacture Christmas presents for every child in the world single handed, and then distribute them all down chimneys during a single night.

Kenneth Woolstenhome commented on the 1966 Soccer World Cup Final and has written several books claiming that Santa Claus does not exist. He points out that if he were alive, Father Christmas would by now be aged well over 200. Mr Woolstenhome spoke to Mysteries of the Unexplained from the Arizona wigwam where he now runs a totem poll reclamation business.

"Greenland is a big place, and it is conceivable that one man could live their undetected. But if Santas did exist in Greenland, it would be necessary for them to maintain a breeding population of at least thirty Mr Santa Clauses, and another thirty Mrs Santa Clauses. It would be impossible for that many Santas to exist totally undetected by mankind".

Fact or fantasy? Truth or bollocks? The deeper we dig the bigger the hole of unexplained mystery becomes. And as the light of knowledge shines, so the shadows of the unexplained grow darker. In the night-time of the unknown our tummies rumble with a hunger for knowledge. But sometimes we awake to find the answers to the questions we ask are more difficult to answer than the truth we seek to discover in the...

MYSTERIES of the UNEXPLAINED

Turn in again next week when we investigate the mystery of the unexplained early morning milk deliveries, in 'THE MILKMAN - Fact or Fiction?'

Malcolm took this grainy photograph of a ghostly figure in a Santa outfit at a school hall at Clifton, Nottingham, using a cam-erah. Eerily, Malcolm himself appears in another photograph (top right) taken by his mother



The Twelve Days of Shitmas

OVER the last year everyone and their fucking dog have bombarded us with shit prizes for competitions.

So we're taking this festive opportunity to off-load a dozen of them on 12 unfortunate readers in a special Twelve Days of Christmas style competition. Answer these 12 questions a, b or c, then indicate which of the 12 prizes mentioned you would most like to receive. (Please give a second and third choice also in case the Playboy Video Calendar is not available). Twelve lucky winners will each receive a year's subscription to Viz, plus one of the 12 prizes.

1. On the first day of Christmas Carlton Home Entertainment gave to us, two crap **Soldier** video specials featuring Robson and bloody Jerome. The Dave & Donna Story and the Paddy & Nancy Story are both 60 Certificate - a perfect gift for that elderly relative who is developing signs of senile dementia.



Which three items of a soldier's kit are referred to in the traditional children's song Soldier Soldier?

- (a) His boots, his gas mask and his camouflage trousers.
- (b) His musket, fife and drum.
- (c) His six-pack of lager, packet of cream crackers and copy of Fiesta.

2. On the second day of Christmas Darwell Smith Associates gave to us, a fuck awful **Ibiza Uncovered Uncut** video. An unbroadcastable version of the ground breaking puke-on-the-wall TV documentary about pissed people trying to get a shag on holiday.

To which group of islands does Ibiza belong?

- (a) The Balearics
- (b) The Testiclees
- (c) The Knackerroos

3. On the third day of Christmas Sujiro Productions gave to us, an 18 certificate music video album **Booty Bounce Vol. 1**. It appears to be a compilation of scantily clad women with fat arses shaking them to various dance tracks.

On the subject of arses, which ventriloquist's dummy used the catch phrase "You silly arse".

- (a) Rod Hull's Emu.
- (b) Ray Allen's Lord Charles.
- (c) Shari Lewis's Lamb Chop.

4. On the fourth day of Christmas Mainstream Publishing gave to us, a book called the **A to Z of Lying**. It's got some flying pigs on the front, and the only other interesting thing about it is that it was printed in Finland.

Who famously lied that he had seen a reindeer with a cherry tree growing out of its head, had shot it, ate it, and made the cherries into a sauce.

- (a) Baron von Richtoven
- (b) Baron Munchausen
- (c) The Baron Knights

5. On the fifth day of Christmas Jacqui Bonce of DSA Ltd. gave to us, a copy of **The Simpson's Springfield Murders Mystery** video, featuring four classic episodes.

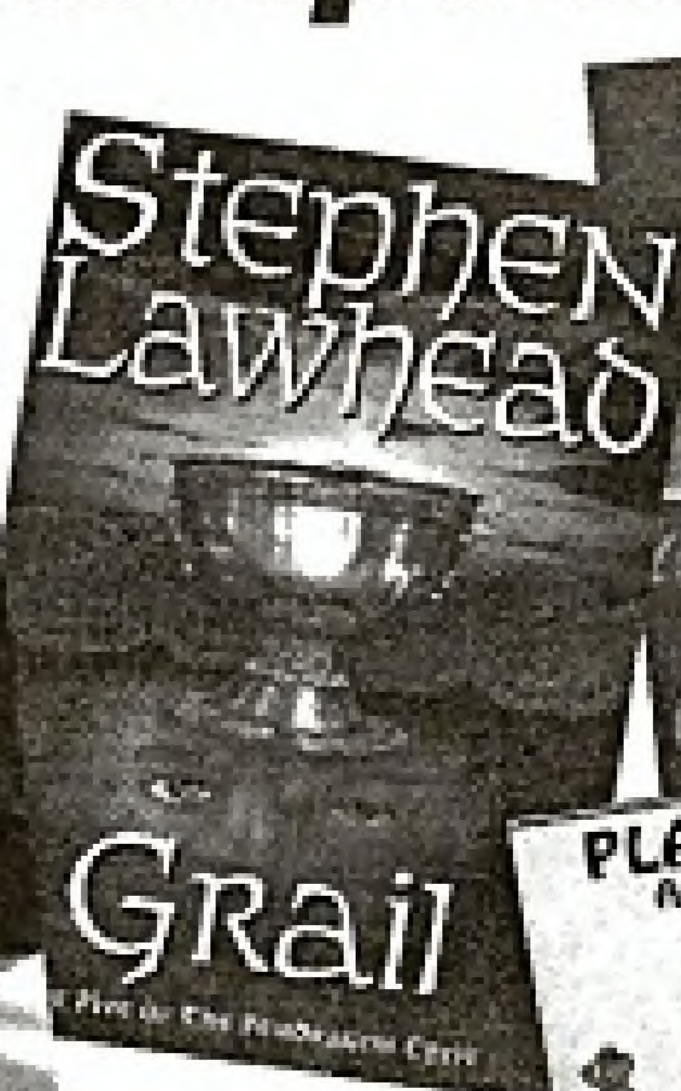
On which Trans Atlantic can't-say-no shit cow's telly show did The Simpson's make their TV debut?

- (a) Ruby Wax
- (b) Joan Rivers
- (c) Tracy Ulman

6. On the sixth day of Christmas David Lewis of The Associates (UK) gave to us, a copy of **Playboy Video's Farrah Fawcett: All Of Me** tape. It's a tits-out-for-the-fans 'videography' which doubtless consists mainly of Miss Fawcett with her kit on, prattling on about painting, acting and stuff.

Which famous cowboy actor's daughter took over from Farrah Fawcett when she left the 70s TV series Charlie's Angels?

Crappy Christmas prize clear-out competition



- (a) John Wayne's daughter Eunice.
- (b) Alan Ladd's daughter Cheryl.
- (c) Randolph Scott's daughter Gertrude May.

7. On the seventh day of Christmas 20th Century Fox Home Entertainment gave to us, **The Alien Saga Box Set**, featuring all 3 movies in the Alien trilogy, plus a bonus cassette featuring 'The Making of Alien Resurrection', the fourth movie in the series.

The boxed sets go on sale on December 27th, priced from £34.99.

Which of the following is the odd one out?

- (a) Signourney Weaver
- (b) Leslie Ash
- (c) Emma Freud

8. On the seventh day of Christmas Carlton Home Entertainment gave to us, a video twin boxed set of the TV series **Thief Takers**, featuring all the of the second series, out now priced £19.99. It's the modern day Christmas gift equivalent of nylon socks. Hard luck whoever wins this one.

Which former celebrity's name lives on as popular rhyming slang for Scotland Yard's Flying Squad?

- (a) Glam rocker Gary Glitter.

- (b) Everton footballer Billy Wright.
- (c) Dodgy barber Sweeney Todd.

9. On the ninth day of Christmas Lion Publishing PLC gave to us, a copy of Stephen Lawhead's book **Grail**. "One of the best works of Arthurian fantasy currently in print". It's getting on for 2 inches thick, so it represents pretty good value at £16.99. Unfortunately there's no pictures.

As well as looking for the Holy Grail, King Arthur was famous for having an unusual table. What shape was it?

- (a) Round
- (b) Square
- (b) Square, with drop leaves that made it oblong when extended.

10. On the tenth day of Christmas Piatkus Books gave to us, **Planet Earth - A Visitors Guide**. Described as 'a fully comprehensive guide for aliens visiting the planet', at £4.99 it's actually a crap Christmas stocking filler full of not-very-good cartoons. A bit like our annual. Which planet in the Solar System was the last to be discovered, and was named after a famous cartoon dog?

- (a) Scooby Doo
- (b) Pluto
- (c) Hong Kong Fooey

11. On the eleventh day of Christmas Lion Publishing gave to us, two books by a bloke called Mike Riddell. One, **Godzone**, is something to do with motorcycle maintenance. The other one's called **Alternative Spirituality For The Third Millennium**, and fuck knows what that's all about.

One of Mike Riddell's books has got 111 pages. The other has got 190. How many pages does that make altogether?

- (a) 79
- (b) 301
- (c) 111190

12. On the twelfth day of Christmas The Associates (UK) gave to us, **Playboy's Playmate Video Calendar 1998**, featuring "Twelve of the world's most desirable women in all their naked glory". At just £14.99 this calendar is the ideal gift for someone who keeps forgetting to have a wank. Which horny old bastard is the founder and owner of the Playboy gentlemen's interest empire?

- (a) David Sullivan
- (b) Hugh Hefner
- (c) Richard Branson

Mark your entries 'The 12 Days of Shitmas Competition' and make sure they get to us by 13th January 1998 at the latest.

Look out! We've been tampering with our balls again...

75 Full Tosses coming your way!

VIZ - THE FULL TOSS is neither a cricket delivery or a wank. It's our new annual, on sale now from various shops at eight quid a throw. And because it features the highlights of issues 70 to 75, we're giving away a copy to the first 75 readers who can answer the following questions correctly.

If you think you can pull it off and fancy a toss, just answer these 12 questions each relating to something which appears in the book.

1. Which Scotch pop star made the headlines in his local newspaper after a photograph of his cock appeared in Viz?
 (a) Andy Stewart
 (b) Kenneth McKellar
 (c) Fish out of Marillion

2. Which TV star's knockers were exposed when we used computer technology to remove their bra?
 (a) Catherine Zeta-Jones
 (b) Barbara Woodhouse



(c) Jimmy Nail

3. What does Cliff Richard reveal exclusively in a full page interview in the Full Toss?
 (a) The secret of his eternal youth
 (b) His colostomy bag
 (c) His colourful collection of party hats

4. In which seaside town was the steamy, full colour, babes and biceps packed photo story Whitley Baywatch set?
 (a) Blackpool
 (b) Whitley Bay
 (c) Skegness

5. Which of the following motor-mouthed TV chat show hosts does NOT appear in the full colour Cockney Wanker cartoon strip in the Full Toss?

- (a) Jonathon Ross
 (b) Chris Evans



(c) Danny Baker

6. Fill in the missing words.

IT was the wonder of the age when it was opened by King George VI in 1928. But after years of neglect the [] has fallen into disrepair.

- (a) Wembley Stadium
 (b) the Alexandra Palace
 (c) the Queen Mother's fanny

7. Who is this cartoon character?

PHILIPPA! WHAT A FANTASTIC VIEW OF YOUR RUMP. I CAN'T WAIT FOR HER TO START SOAPING FOR CHARLIE.



- (a) Dick Twitcher
 (b) Morris Day - Sexual Pervert
 (c) Sid the Sexist

8. In the cartoon Canal Court, why was the Honourable Mr Justice Kirkup QC the luckiest judge in the British judiciary?

- (a) He'd won the Lottery twice
 (b) He was shot but his gold watch chain saved his life
 (c) He had befriended a gigantic eel called Elvis

9. In the Simon Salad-Cream Story, why does Simon's careers teacher advise him against pursuing a career as a top Radio One disc jockey?

- (a) Because it's not a proper job.
 (b) Because most DJs are wankers.
 (c) Because he has a lumpy face and slightly grating voice.

10. What was Roger Mellie's innovative new children's TV character



'Mr Bollocks' saying in this frame?

- (a) Bollocks!
 (b) Bollocks! Bollocks!
 (c) Bollocks! Bollocks! Bollocks!

'I had a hunch he had [] in his arse. If I was right, one fart could have killed me'

11. In this exclusive news story, Hollywood star Tom Cruise was suspected of having what up his arse?

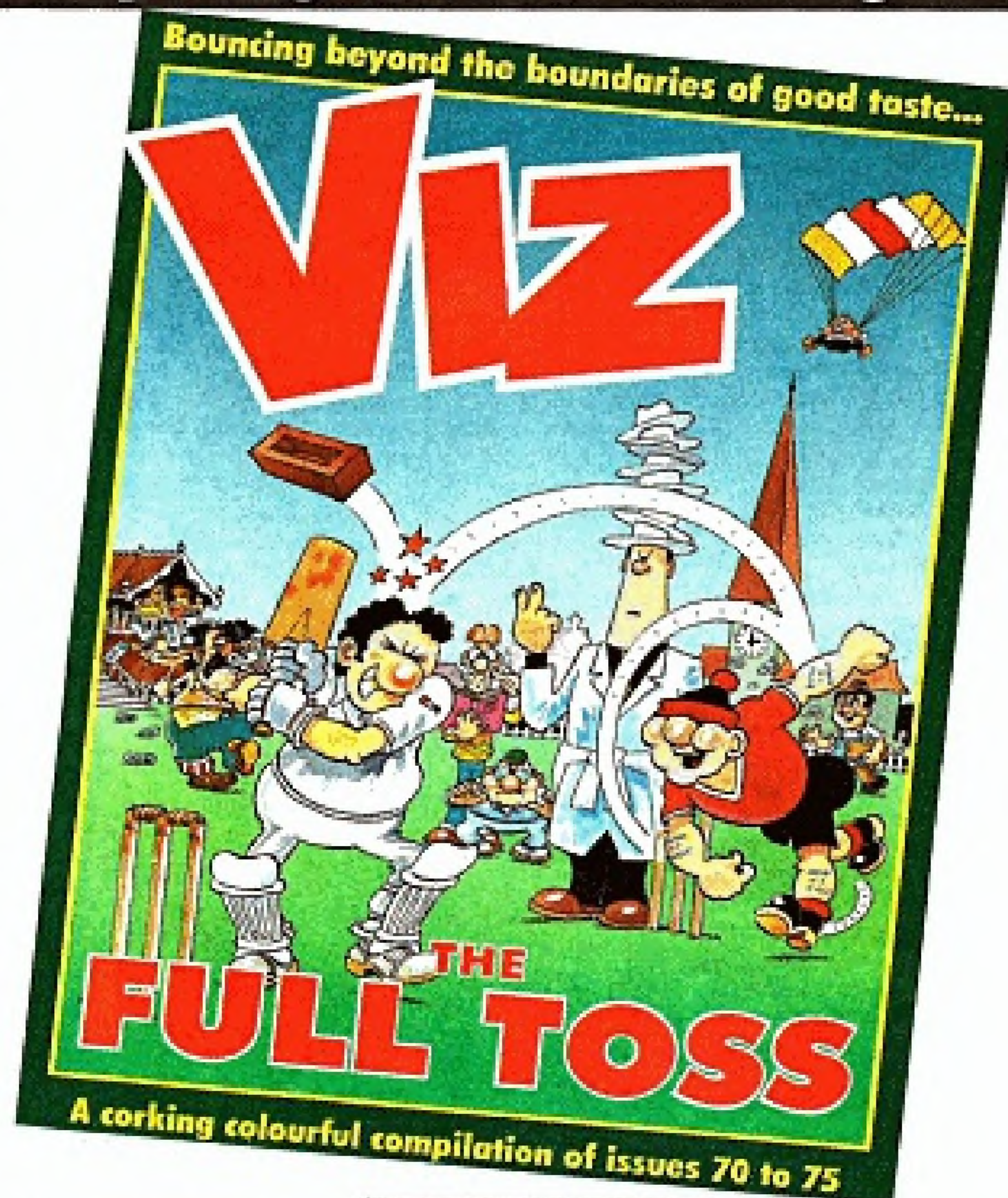
- (a) A bomb
 (b) Cocaine
 (c) A shark

12. In the full colour two page Christmas edition of 8 Ace, what does 8 Ace's father buy him for Christmas?

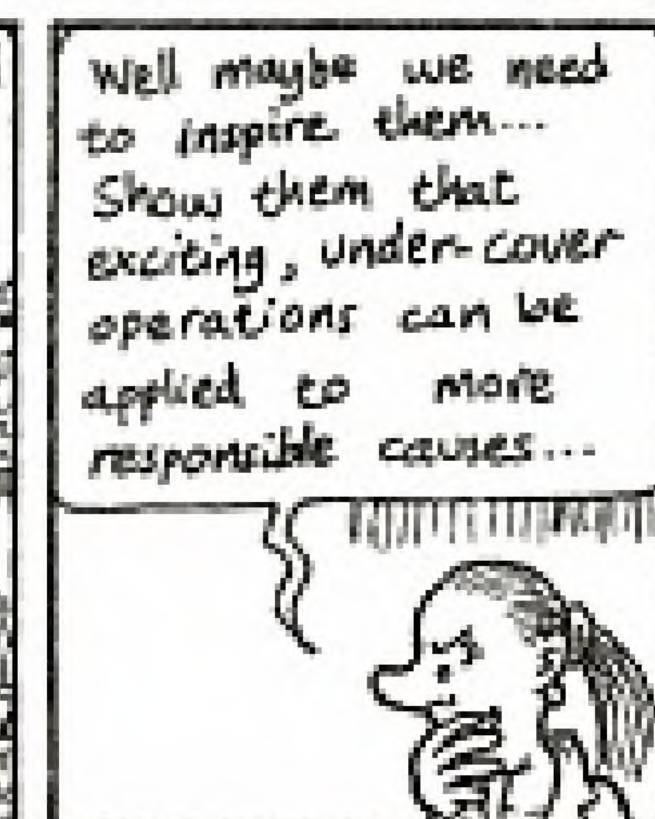
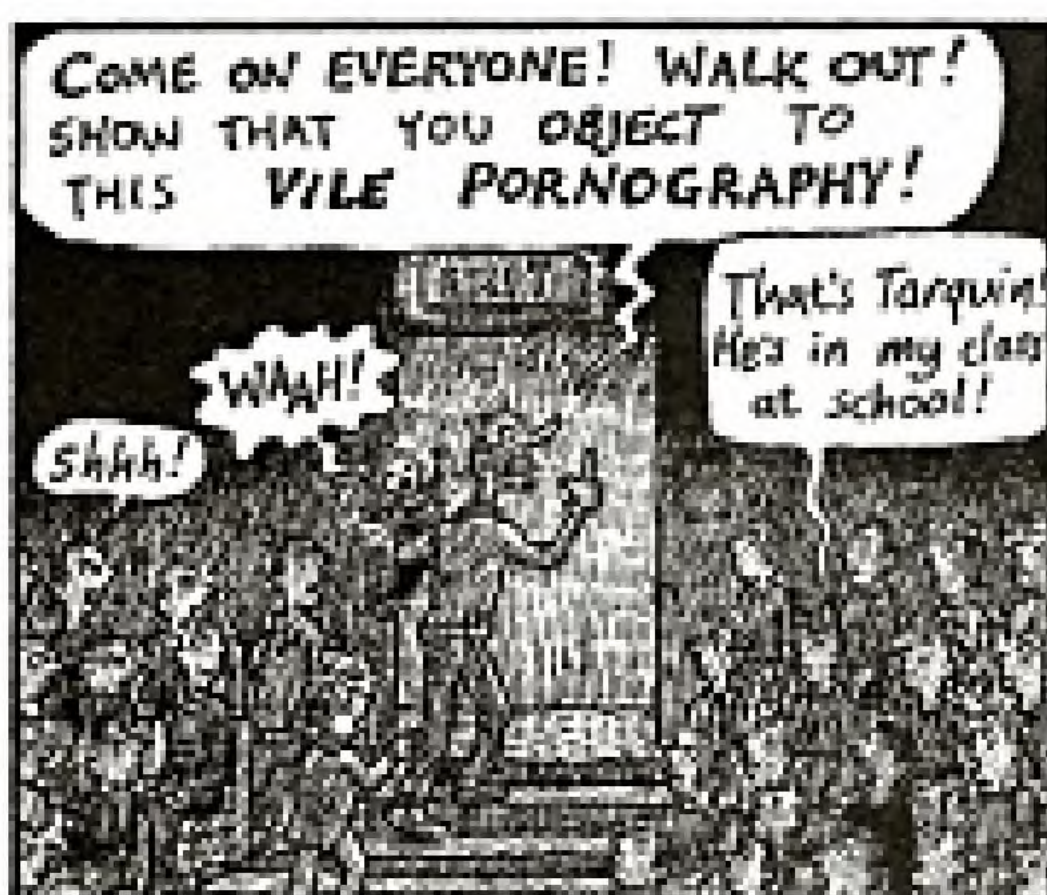
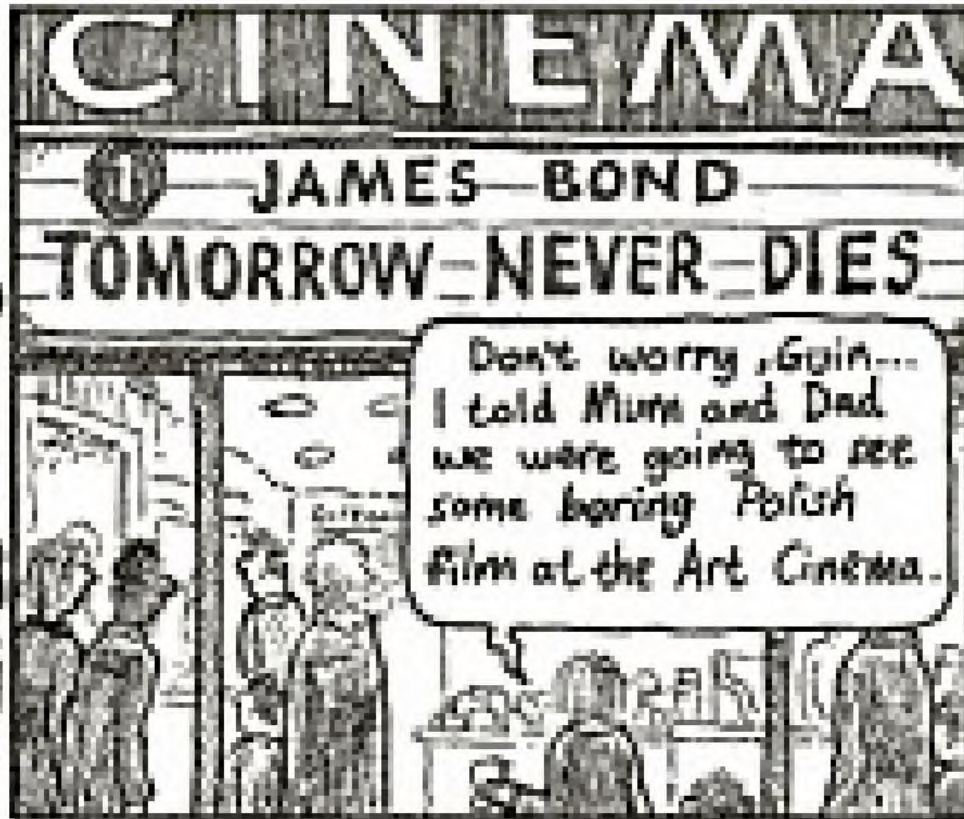
- (a) One Marks & Spencers pullover
 (b) Two pairs of socks
 (c) Eight cans of Ace

Mark your entries 'Full Toss' and make sure they reach us by the closing date of 13th January 1998.

Send your entries to:
 Viz, P.O. Box 1PT,
 Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT,
 or fax to:
 (0191) 281 9048.
 If you're a pasty faced geek you can E mail to:
 web@johnbrown.co.uk

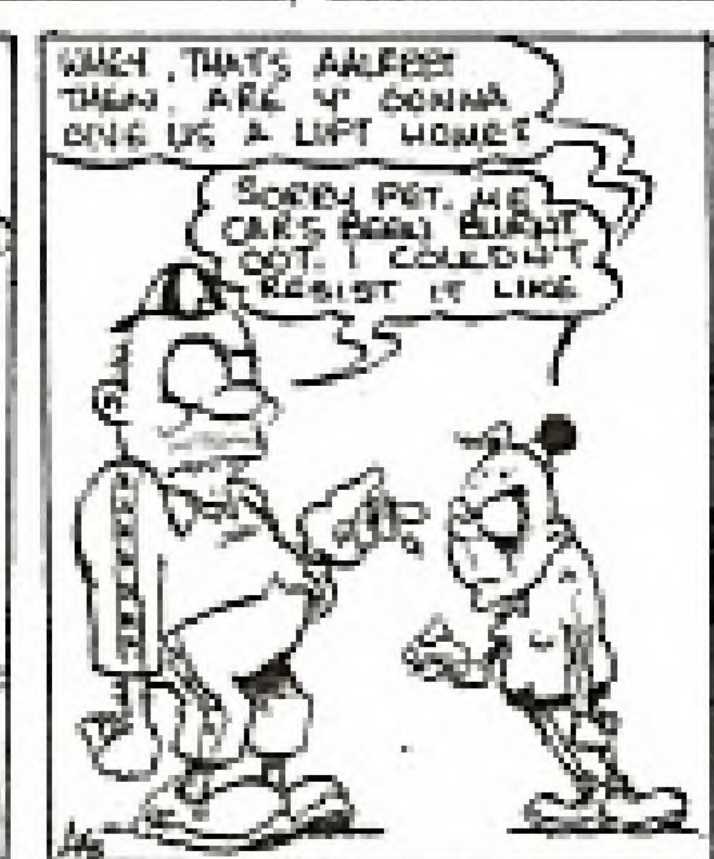
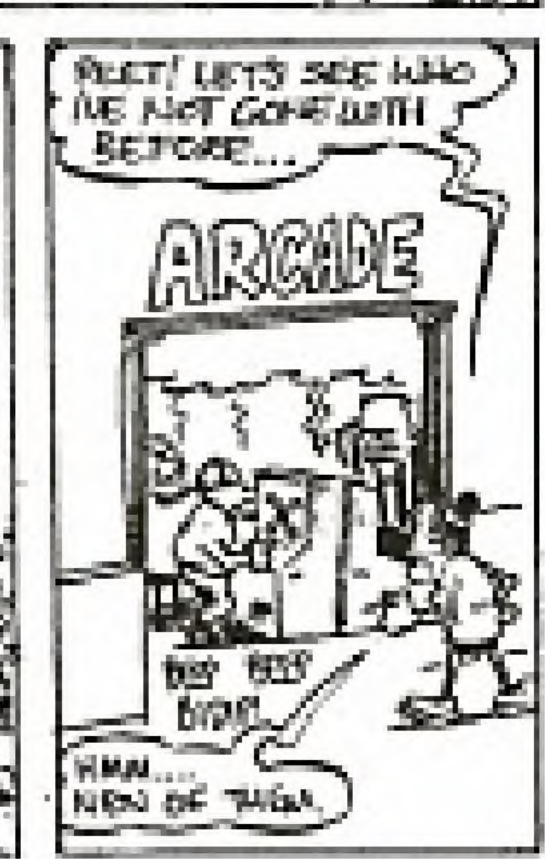


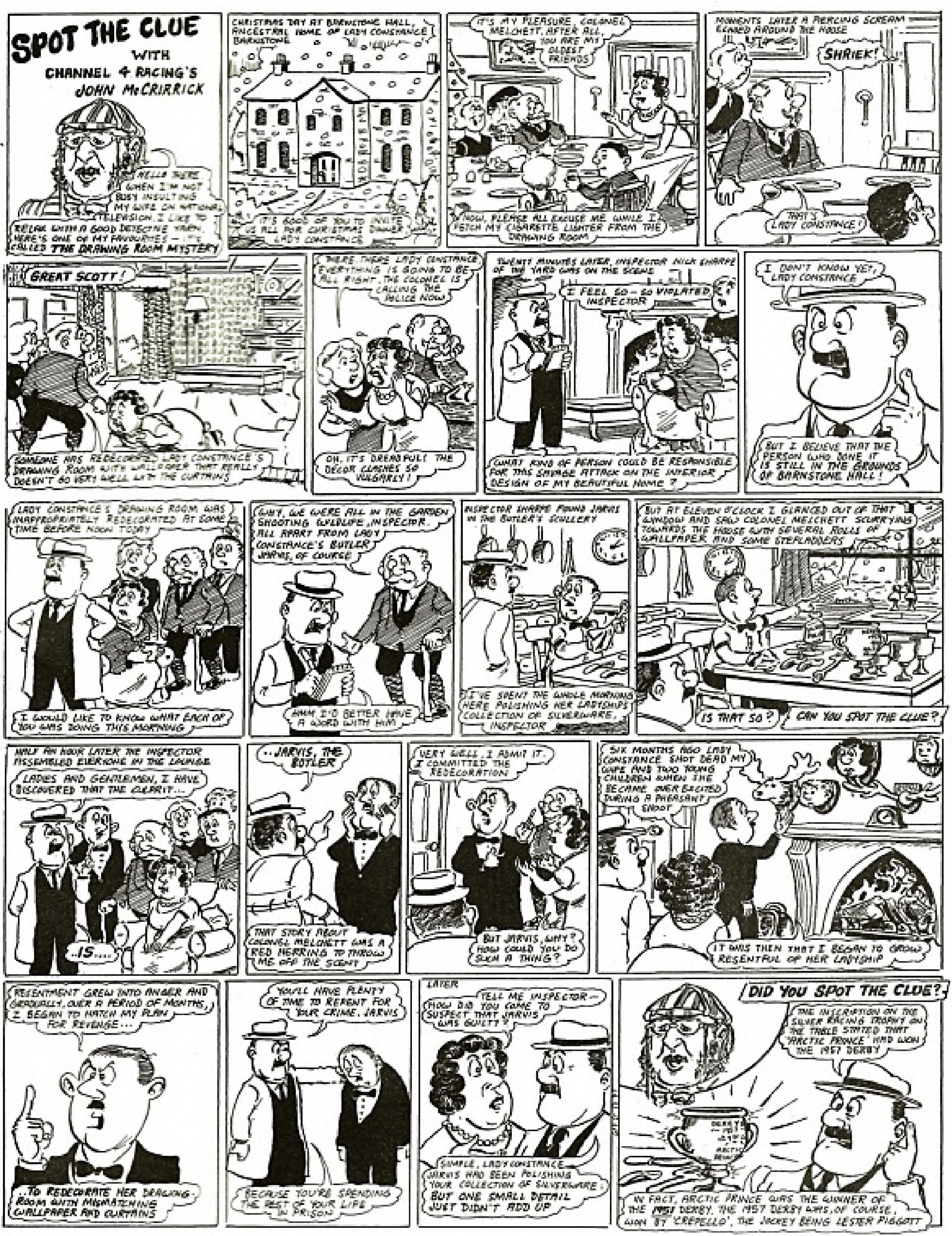
THE MODERN PARENTS





Kappa Slappa





SPOT THE CLUE

WITH
CHANNEL 4 RACING'S
JOHN McCRIRICK

JOHN McCRIRICK: "THERE'S A KILLER HERE WHEN I'M NOT BUSY INSULTING MY WIFE ON NATIONAL TELEVISION. I LIKE TO RELAX WITH A GOOD DETECTIVE YARN. HERE'S ONE OF MY FAVOURITES - IT'S CALLED THE DRAWING ROOM MYSTERY."

CHRISTMAS DAY AT BARNSTONE HALL, ANCESTRAL HOME OF LADY CONSTANCE BARNSTONE.

IT'S GOOD OF YOU TO INVITE US ALL FOR CHRISTMAS DINNER, LADY CONSTANCE.

IT'S MY PLEASURE, COLONEL MELCHETT. AFTER ALL, YOU ARE MY OLDEST FRIENDS.

NOW, PLEASE ALL EXCUSE ME WHILE I FETCH MY CIGARETTE LIGHTER FROM THE DRAWING ROOM.

MOMENTS LATER A PERCING SCREAM ECHOED AROUND THE HOUSE.

SHRIEK!

THAT'S LADY CONSTANCE!

GREAT SCOTT!

SOMEONE HAS REDECORATED LADY CONSTANCE'S DRAWING ROOM WITH WALLPAPER THAT REALLY DOESN'T GO VERY WELL WITH THE CURTAINS.

WERE THERE, LADY CONSTANCE? EVERYTHING IS GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT. THE COLONEL IS CALLING THE POLICE NOW.

OH, IT'S DREADFUL! THE DECOR COMES SO VULGARLY!

TWENTY MINUTES LATER, INSPECTOR NICK SHARPE OF THE YARD WAS ON THE SCENE.

I FEEL SO - SO VIOLATED, INSPECTOR.

WHAT KIND OF PERSON COULD BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS SHAME ATTACK ON THE INTERIOR DESIGN OF MY BEAUTIFUL HOME?

I DON'T KNOW YET, LADY CONSTANCE.

BUT I BELIEVE THAT THE PERSON WHO DONE IT IS STILL IN THE GROUNDS OF BARNSTONE HALL!

LADY CONSTANCE'S DRAWING ROOM WAS INAPPROPRIATELY REDECORATED AT SOME TIME BEFORE NOON TODAY.

I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHAT EACH OF YOU WAS DOING THIS MORNING.

WELL, WE WERE ALL IN THE GARDEN SHOOTING GOLF, INSPECTOR. ALL APART FROM LADY CONSTANCE'S BUTLER, JARVIS, OF COURSE.

AHM, I'D BETTER HAVE A WORD WITH HIM.

INSPECTOR SHARPE FOUND JARVIS IN THE BUTLER'S GALLERY.

I'VE SPENT THE WHOLE MORNING HERE POLISHING HER LADYSHIP'S COLLECTION OF SILVERWARE, INSPECTOR.

BUT AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK I GLANCED OUT OF THAT WINDOW AND SAW COLONEL MELCHETT SCURRYING TOWARDS THE HOUSE WITH SEVERAL ROLLS OF WALLPAPER AND SOME STEPLADDERS.

IS THAT SO? CAN YOU SPOT THE CLUE?

HALF AN HOUR LATER, THE INSPECTOR ASSEMBLED EVERYONE IN THE LARAGE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I HAVE DISCOVERED THAT THE GUILTY...

...IS...

JARVIS, THE BUTLER.

THAT STORY ABOUT COLONEL MELCHETT WAS A RED HERRING TO THROW ME OFF THE SCENT.

VERY WELL, I ADMIT IT. I COMMITTED THE REDECORATION.

BUT JARVIS, WHY? HOW COULD YOU DO SUCH A THING?

SIX MONTHS AGO LADY CONSTANCE SHOT DEAD MY WIFE AND TWO YOUNG CHILDREN WHEN SHE BECAME OVER EXCITED DURING A PERCANT ERROR.

IT WAS THEN THAT I BEGAN TO GROW RESENTFUL OF HER LADYSHIP.

RESENTMENT GREW INTO ANGER AND GRADUALLY, OVER A PERIOD OF MONTHS, I BEGAN TO HATCH MY PLAN FOR REVENGE...

...TO REDECORATE HER DRAWING ROOM WITH MISMATCHING WALLPAPER AND CURTAINS.

YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO REPENT FOR YOUR CRIME, JARVIS.

BECAUSE YOU'RE SPENDING THE REST OF YOUR LIFE IN PRISON.

LATER.

TELL ME, INSPECTOR - HOW DID YOU COME TO SUSPECT THAT JARVIS WAS GUILTY?

SIMPLE, LADY CONSTANCE. JARVIS HAD BEEN POLISHING YOUR COLLECTION OF SILVERWARE. BUT ONE SMALL DETAIL JUST DIDN'T ADD UP.

DID YOU SPOT THE CLUE?

THE INSCRIPTION ON THE SILVER RACING TROPHY ON THE TABLE STATED THAT 'ARCTIC PRINCE' HAD WON THE 1957 DERBY.

IN FACT, ARCTIC PRINCE WAS THE WINNER OF THE 1957 DERBY. THE 1957 DERBY WAS, OF COURSE, WON BY 'CREPELLO', THE JOCKEY BEING LESTER PIGGOTT.

SEGS MANIAC

YOUNG HALF-IT
SEGSTON BLAKIE
WAS ABSOLUTELY
BONKERS ON SEGS

CLICK! DANG!
SKANG! CLANG!



CLICKITY!
CLACKITY! CLKKITY!
CLACKITY! CLICKITY!
CLACKITY!



HNNNNG!!
CLANG!



Y' BASTARD, I'VE FUCKED
ME SOB. I'VE GOT NO
TEETH LEFT. I'M GOING
T' GIVE YOU A FUCKING
GOOD PASTING



SHORTLY...
THERE... THAT'S
YOU PASTED.



HEH! HSH! I
LOOK LIKE
MIKE TYSON
NIV ME NEW
SEGGY TEETH



MEANWHILE...



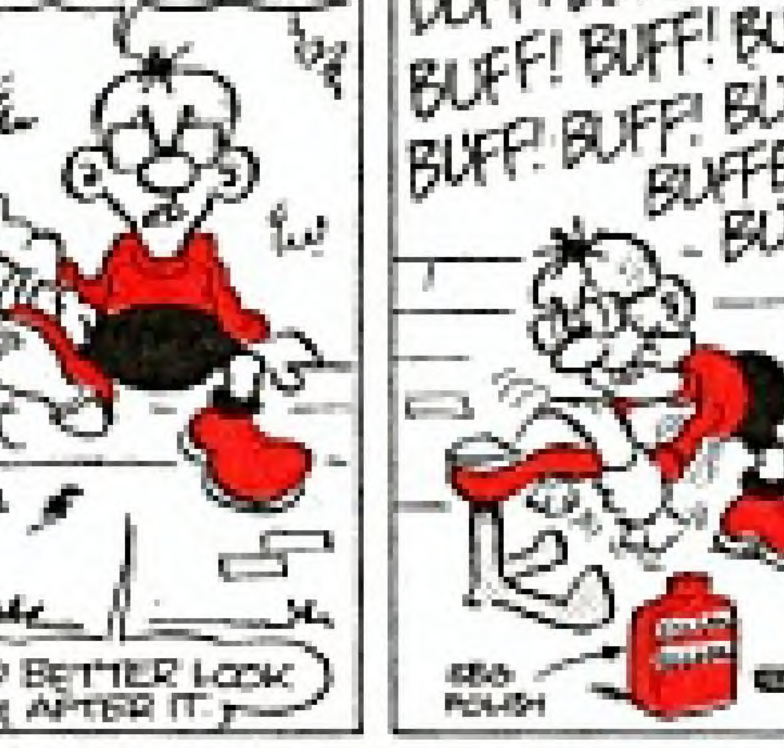
HRUMPH!



HNNNG! HNNNG!
HNNNNG!!



WHAT'S HAPPENED, NOW
ALL ME SEGS HAVE
GONE OUT BAR ONE



SO... BUT!
BUFF! BUFF! BUFF!
BUFF! BUFF! BUFF!
BUFF! BUFF! BUFF!
BUFF! BUFF! BUFF!



EH? WHAT THE FRIG? A
'SHINY THING'
STEALING MAGGIE!



SO... BAH! MY SOLES
WILL BE WORN
AWAY IN NO TIME WITH
OUT THE PROTECTION
AFFORDED THEM BY
SEGS. I THINK I'LL GO
TO THE BACK AND KILL
MYSELF



MEANWHILE, IN THE JUDGE...



EH! WHAT THE...?



WAIT, SON! LET ME SEE
THOSE SHOES!



I DON'T BELIEVE IT! THEY'RE THE
MOST SEGLESS SHOES I'VE EVER SEEN



YOU WIN FIRST PRIZE
IN THE COMPETITION...



WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THESE I
READERS? PRETTY SEGSSY, EH?



LUVVIE IS "RESTING" BETWEEN JOBS...



HEAVENS! PROBABLY NOT YOU BLOODY UNDOUBTLY! THE CHOCOLATE DIGESTIVES ARE NEXT TO THE JAR! ... BEHIND THE WRAP-UP LIQUID!



LUVVIE DREAMING SPEAKING. HOW, HEAT, MAY I BE OF ASSISTANCE TO YOU THIS FINE MORNING?



SCOUR MY FAVORITE AGENT! WE MUST MEET SOON FOR A FEW "BENNY" WEEKLY DRINKUPPES AT THE GREEN ROOM OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.



ARE YOU BUSY AT THE MOMENT LUVVIE? - 'COS I MIGHT JUST HAVE A JOB YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN...

BOUFFOND - I'M NOT DOING... BAA... OBVIOUSLY I'VE GOT QUITE A FEW LITTLE RINGS ON THE SOLE - BUT I MIGHT BE ABLE TO JUGGLE THINGS AROUND A BIT IF AN INTERESTING OFFER COMES ALONG



IS IT THAT SHAKESPEARE ADVERTISED FOR A WEEK TO PLAY BENJAMIN IN THE SCOTISH PLAY?

IT'S ON THE BOMB, LUVVIE! IT'S A BIG ONE - IT'S CYRANO DE BERGERAC - AND THEY WANT YOU TO DO THE TITLE ROLE! SHORT NOTICE BUT AHEAD IT'S A WEEK ON TUESDAY



GOSH - I WAS GOING TO PLAY CYRANO!



Shortstop...



A - HAI! HERE IT IS! IN THE ORIGINAL TEXT - THE KEY TO THE VERY HEART OF THE KERNEL - OF THE CHARACTER - CYRANO SUGGESTS INTO THE ROOM LIKE A SCORCHER...? PERFECT!



I WILL UNWISSE MYSELF IN FOLKLORE - AND WHO KNOWS SOME OF THEIR ESSENCES MAY PERCOLATE THROUGH INTO MY DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION



SCORCHER! ANGLER, BUT I COULDN'T HELP NOTICING HOW MAGNIFICENTLY ENOUGH YOU ARE. WOULD YOU MIND ANOTHER IF I TOOK A PHOTOGRAPH OF IT?

